

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. IV.—OCTOBER, 1881.—No. 22.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE SHADOWS OF SHASTA."

CHAPTER I.

*My brave world-builders of the West!
Why, who hath known ye? Who doth know
But I, who on thine peaks of snow
Bake bread the first? Who loved ye best;
Who holds ye still of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth.*

*Yea! I, the rhymers of wild rhymes,
Indifferent of blame or praise,
Still sing of ye, as one who plays
The same wild air in all strange climes—
The same wild, piercing highland air,
Because, because his heart is there.*

This camp of the Sierra was an old battlefield of giants. Mighty men had come here, laid hand on the mountains, and torn them down. They had led the rivers over the hilltops, and uprooted whole forests with their hydraulics and mining engines. They had fought nature face to face—these giants, these horny-handed, tall, and terrible men of 'forty-nine. A few had survived. A few had gathered up gold from the placers

where they had washed down mountains, and turned their backs forever on the mines: old men—made old in a single decade—old and gray and broken, from toil and care.

A few, only a few of those giants had gone back home. The others? Up on a hillside, where a new forest is springing up, and where the rabbits dance all the twilight, and the quail pipes all day. The boy with his shot-gun avoids this little inclosure on the hillside, and steps high and hurried, and looks the other way, and perhaps whistles a bit, as he passes.

With two exceptions, the old 'forty-niners, all save the few that got back home, have gone up there on the hillside—high up in the sun, nearer the gates of God, away from the noise and rush and roar of the mine—and laid down to rest forever and forever.

These two exceptions are old Forty-nine, and his friend Colonel Billy. And then there are two old graves that are not up on the hillside where the rabbits dance in the moon-

* All rights reserved to the author.

light at all. But they are down on a spur of hill that breaks down from the steep and stupendous mountain, and lifts its rocky back between the cabin of old Forty-nine and the little town at the mouth of the mighty cañon.

A great dead oak lifts its leafless branches above these two graves; the bark is dropping away and falling on the unnamed sleepers; and the long gray moss swings above them mournfully in the wind. This old tree died many, many years ago, when these two men died at its roots and were buried there. It ought to fall. It ought to have fallen long since. But no; it lifts its long bare arms on high, in mute and naked pity, lone and bald and white with eld. But of these two graves, more further on.

Nobody knew Forty-nine's real name. Nobody cared to know, I suppose. He had come to this camp when it was a mine of gold and men made fortunes in a day. But all these fortunes slipped through his fingers, it seems, and left him empty-handed as he came.

And whence he came no one knew or cared to know. Once or twice, when he first began to have his periodical sprees, and was counted a bit respectable, he had, in a gust of confidence and tears peculiar to men who have heart, when first intoxicated, told to a group of fellow-carousers a pitiful story about a lone true wife, and a beautiful little boy baby in a cradle, waiting for him far away. But as there were so many who had wives and babies waiting for them far away, there seemed nothing remarkable in this; and, finding little sympathy, he locked up his heart as had the others, and kept his secrets to himself thereafter to the end.

But about this time, and before he had made any very fast friendship outside of old Colonel Billy, then the lawyer of the camp, an event happened which put old Forty-nine quite outside of all sympathy or association of his fellows.

Being a man of ability and brain and energy, he had settled upon a theory, on first entering the camp, as to the source and origin of the rich deposits of gold which had made it famous, and had acted accordingly. It

was his theory that a vein of gold-bearing quartz had crossed this cañon. Or, more properly speaking, he had discovered that the little stream flowing down and forming this cañon had crossed a vein of gold-bearing quartz, and out of this quartz washed down the deposits of ragged and quartz-loaded nuggets that lay at its bed about the mouth of the cañon.

This was long, long before quartz-mining had been thought of, and this old man deserves much credit for originality of enterprise.

Convinced of the correctness of his theory, he located his cabin a good distance up the cañon; and having discovered a long lead of white quartz running along the rugged pine-covered back of one of the mighty spurs of the Sierra shooting down into the cañon, he began, alone and single-handed, with but little money, to drive a tunnel into this rocky spur, and try to pierce that ledge of quartz on the water-level.

The magnitude of this enterprise oppressed his mind and made him thoughtful. And then, being by nature and by culture a head and shoulders taller than those about him, he soon found himself in some sort isolated from his fellows.

Besides that, there was something about this tunnel that the camp did not understand. They had never heard of such a thing at this time. What did the man mean? Did he have secrets of hidden treasure unrevealed to them? Men are distrustful of that which they do not understand.

But he kept on persistently, patiently at his work. Then it began to be rumored that he was rich. And indeed, why did he persistently bore away into the earth if he was not making it pay?

Idlers of the camp began to speculate as to the probable amount of gold he had hidden away in that old cabin, that smoked and smoked perpetually along side the trail under the pines on the rugged hillside, just above the muddy little stream.

Soon two well-dressed and rather respectable-looking strangers rode into camp, and began to make friends with the saloon-keep-

ers and their patrons. They asked many questions about the hermit of the tunnel; and, along with the rest of the men, speculated largely as to the probable amount he had saved up from his work. It was computed to be an enormous sum.

And now it was that the sad event happened which made the man's isolation complete.

One night he was startled by finding two men climbing down his chimney. He caught up his gun, which he kept all the time loaded with buck-shot and standing in the corner. Then, rushing out as the two men attempted to climb from the low, broad chimney by which they had entered, he fired as they tumbled from out the crater-like top, and filled them both with buck-shot.

The next morning, as some miners came up the cañon from town to work at their sluices, there, under the broad green oak by the side of the trail, and just on the summit of the ridge that rose between the window of old Forty-nine's cabin and town, they found the two men, dead.

They had tried to come back to camp. But they had only strength to drag themselves to the top of this rocky little ridge; and there, under the oak, the one resting his back against it, and the other resting his head in the lap of his companion, the two men were dead. The one holding the head of the other in his lap, bowing his head down, as in pity, above him, and both stone-dead!

On what slender things hinge the greatest consequences!

"He was a-holding of his head, as if to try to help him, like; and both stone-dead."

That was what Colonel Billy said, in a sort of husky whisper, to Forty-nine, when he told him that morning in his tunnel; for the hermit had not troubled himself further than to fire the fatal shots, and then go back into his cabin and barricade his door, and wait the possible second attack. But hearing nothing further, he supposed the robbers, whoever they may have been, had decided that they had had enough. And not knowing that he had killed any one, possibly not really caring very keenly in this case, he had

gone back to his tunnel to work, as if nothing unusual had happened.

If the one had not crawled into the arms of the other; if they had not tried to get back to town; if they had not died there by the side of the trail, under the great oak, on the top of the little ridge, and on the one pleasant spot in all the cañon—the camp might not have cared.

But "he was holding of his head, as if to help him, like; and both stone-dead." And so the camp pitied these men. And as the camp pitied these men, it hated Forty-nine. The camp said the men did not mean to rob him. The camp said they were jolly good fellows, who only wanted to frighten the old hermit; and so it held him responsible for their death.

They dug two graves there, side by side, under the oak, in the rotten white quartz rock, and laid the two bodies in them, just as they had died.

Nobody knew their names, and so no names were carved on the tree. But it died, all the same. Perhaps they cut some of its roots in digging the two graves in the bed of white rotten quartz.

The trail took a little turn after that at this point, and kept closer to the stream. We don't like to see a grave in our road. And yet we know quite well that every one of our roads will end there.

The trail took a little turn at Forty-nine's cabin, too. Men did not want to meet a murderer, face to face, they said, every day. And so the trail took a "cut off," on the ridge on which it stood, a little farther back from the stream.

No one made any open complaint against this isolated man whatever. But he was left alone. And he felt this fearfully. As men left him alone, he left men alone. The gulf between him and the world, you may be sure, did not grow narrower as years swept on.

The ridge that lifted between him and town was like a mighty stone wall, that never could be scaled by him. But worst of all, right on the summit of this lay those two nameless graves. The white quartz that had been thrown out in digging them, and that

was heaped high over the dead, did not settle and sink down out of sight. It did not turn gray or brown, or crumble to dust, under the marching feet of time. It did not hide down behind grasses or weeds or bushes. But bald and white and ghastly, it gleamed, in moon or sun, and rose there in eternal testimony against him.

This cabin of his had but one window in its one dark and desolate room. That window had been made to look out down the cañon, over the ridge and town, toward the valley far away. This was the one look-out. But up and before this started the two graves, under the bald white oak, on the top of the rocky ridge, like ghosts that never would go away.

But the plucky old man kept on patiently at his work. Now and then he had great spells of drunkenness. Perhaps he was trying to forget the two graves that glared in at him through the window. But he rarely went to town. The butcher brought him his meat when he ordered it. And the grocer brought him his bread and whisky when he had money to pay for it.

By this time he was computed to be enormously wealthy. In fact, the camp had grown so envious of his good fortune, and so eager to vent the secret of his wealth, that two enterprising scoundrels, Gov Dosson and Plin Emens, had secretly started a tunnel from the other side of the steep rocky ridge. They began to bore directly ahead, so as to meet the old man in the heart of the ridge. They were perfectly certain he had found an enormous deposit of gold. Would a man work away there alone five, ten, fifteen, twenty years, for nothing?

About this time a little girl—a starved, pinched, pitiful child—was found roaming about camp with an Indian woman, who claimed her as her daughter, though she did not look the Indian at all. This child would sing or dance, or do anything, almost, to amuse or please the miners, and earn bread and money for her mother.

They would go from cabin to cabin. They came to the cabin of old Forty-nine, and entered as he sat there looking out of

the window at the two white spots on the ridge.

The old man started to his feet. No one had ever crossed that threshold save himself for nearly a quarter of a century. And then he was glad, very glad. His heart went out to this little girl. He was so glad they had not heard about the dead men. He had grown morbid all these years. He feared some one might tell the child, and make her shun him. And so he treated her with all the tenderness of a father.

By and by she disappeared. This nearly broke his heart. They had been such friends. At last he found that she with her mother had been taken to the Indian Reservation; to the Reservation to die! For the first time in more than twenty years, this singular old man fastened up his cabin and went away. He bought him a horse from a workman in the valley, and rode night and day till he reached the Reservation.

The mother was already dead—if mother she was—and the child dying. He took the little skeleton in his arms, hid her under his blanket, skulked through the village to where his horse stood tethered, and mounting on his back, bore the dying creature back to life and health in the mountains.

Old Forty-nine had said one evening, as this child stood between his knees, to Colonel Billy:

"Why, Billy, she is twenty carats! yes, she is twenty carats fine, Billy!"

But old Colonel Billy, who had less sentiment than whisky in him, only called her "carats," in answer to the eulogy of his friend; and so "carats" she was called by the camp after that. But old Forty-nine, with loving adroitness, succeeded in twisting this name into "Carrie."

By this time there had come into camp a certain, or rather uncertain, old woman with her daughter, and later were employed at the saloon of Gov Dosson, to decoy miners to the gaming-tables and the bar.

And yet it was whispered that this girl was not the daughter of "Old Mississipp," as the woman was called. But that she was one of the survivors of the Mountain Mead-

ow massacre, whom the old woman had purchased, for a trifling present, from the Indians.

Soon a thin smoke was seen curling in its old tired fashion up from the low black chimney, and the miners knew that the old man of the tunnel was back. A matter of indifference it was to all, of course. They noted the fact only as one speaks of the weather.

And yet there were two men not at all indifferent. The old and often-told story of the old man's supposed hidden wealth, in any other land than this, ought to have made him an object of deepest interest indeed to all. These two men were interested. They, on the disappearance of Forty-nine, had redoubled their effort to pierce the ridge from the other side. They were digging their tunnel night and day, directly meeting that of the old man. Quartz-mining was the fashion now, and they resolved to reach the ledge in the heart of the hill before he did.

Socrates, perhaps the wisest of the wise fools of old, said that the only wholly happy being is the convalescent. In this truth, I find an explanation for the unaccountable calm and tranquil tenderness that touched and took possession of Carrie now. After all the terrible scenes just passed, one would say that she should have wept herself away, and died of grief. On the contrary, she never spoke of the past, or seemed to think of it at all. Day after day she grew stronger, and day after day took longer walks up the steep hillsides to gather wild flowers for Forty-nine, and such fruits and roots as the ground and bushes bear in that altitude.

One evening, as Forty-nine came home from his tunnel, where he now worked incessantly from dawn till dusk, he saw a man stooping and stealing away, in the twilight, from the low window of the cabin.

There was a battered old bull-dog, with three legs, a hair-lip, and no ears or tail to speak of, down on Butchers' Flat.

This dog was old, and seemed almost useless now. But he had been terrible in his day. At night he had been used for years

as the one and only watch at the express office, where he slept, or pretended to sleep, with only one eye shut, on a heap of gold-dust as big as a Mexican's wash-bowl. By day, this enormous brute had been used by the hunters to catch and throw Mexican cattle.

But now that the glory had departed from the camp, and the gold and the hunters with it, the old and ugly bull-dog became a sort of pensioner, limping like a neglected soldier from door to door, eating the bread of charity.

Forty-nine went down and got that bull-dog, and brought him into his cabin. A great leather collar was buckled about his neck, and a heavy log-chain bound him to the bed-post. The old dog liked this. He knew that this preparation meant war; and he was fond of battle.

He became as savage as a hunted grizzly. Let even a rat cross the roof, or rasp the old boots or tin cans around that cabin, and the old warrior would be in arms in a moment. If a stranger neared the place, he would roar like a Numidian lion. Yet to the two inmates of this dark, low, and ever-stooping cabin, he was tenderness personified.

The old man and the young girl were drawn closer together now than ever before. She revered him; he worshipped her.

In the tranquil twilight, after his hard day's work in the tunnel, he often told her bits of his own life: of a wife left behind, of a little baby boy in the cradle. Ah yes! he would see that baby sometime, "when he struck it in the tunnel," the old man would say, with a sigh, at the end of his story, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

He seemed to think he would still find that baby in its cradle. Years and years had passed, but still it was only a baby to him. And why had he not returned? Why have nearly a hundred thousand men in these mountains never returned?

Once the old man told her of a promise made his wife at marriage. It was that each should on Christmas eve sing a certain song, and so think of the other. No matter where they were, or what transpired, they

would each, at the moment of midnight, begin and sing this song.

This explained to the girl why the old man had at the very first taught and made her sing a certain old song. And on this evening she too became confidential, and began to tell the old story of the desert, of murder and awful scenes too terrible to dwell upon. But when the old man looked at her skeptically, and shook his head, she was sorry, and said perhaps after all it was only a dream; and never mentioned it again.

And so the first few months after the return were very tranquil: calm, higher, holier than any of the former days.

But this did not last. The old man must go to town to get his pick sharpened and his drills hardened. The result is easily guessed at. He fell soon into his old ways. Soon Carrie was seen once more among the rough men late at night, helping, coaxing, comforting the tottering old man, and trying to get him back to the cabin. Then the rough, hard, and heartless ones began again to banter and to bully her; and, as of old, when but a child, she answered back, and often gave as much as she received; she, too, was fast falling back to something harder than her hard life before.

Dosson and Emens watched every word and action of Forty-nine. They were still certain that he was a miser, with hundreds of ounces of hoarded gold; and they drove their tunnel on their side of the ridge straight for the center, with all the force and energy that their strong arms would command. Soon Forty-nine came to know of this. He was almost wild with anger. Then he wept like a child. "Only to think! after nearly twenty-five years!" he said to Carrie. Then he went on a protracted spree, from which the girl reclaimed him only after a long and patient effort.

These two men were men of importance in the camp now. They had opened a grocery and gambling-saloon. This soon was the headquarters of the camp, and all the miners gathered together and gambled here.

And Forty-nine came here also. Yet between himself and Dosson and Emens there

was at best only an armed neutrality. Old Colonel Billy, the bosom friend of Forty-nine in all his unhappy carousals, was accustomed to shake his head, and say solemnly, that some one of the party would "die with his boots on" yet, and that it would not be Forty-nine.

And who was Colonel Billy? A man who had never been known to refuse a drink in his life; a true Californian, who was also a very old and a very rickety man. He had once been a great lawyer, and pulled many of the boys through, after one of those periodical rows. But then Colonel Billy only came in the spring of 'fifty. And so Colonel Billy, who came in the spring of 'fifty, stood only as a sort of lieutenant to this old veteran general who came in the fall of 'forty-nine.

But perhaps these are distinctions that only Californians can understand.

How these two old men loved each other! Was it because they had nothing else to love? Was it because the world had gone on by the other way, and left them standing here alone, like two storm-blown pines on a windy hill, that they leaned toward each other?

I like the loves of old men. Like it? I revere it! It is the tenderness and the holiness of a Sabbath sunset.

Dosson and Emens worked in their tunnel by day. By night they looked after their drinking and gambling den. They did everything to make it popular for "the boys," and they got monstrous old "Mississippi" to deal faro for them.

This abandoned old woman's not uncomely daughter was a great favorite with the roughs of the camp. She was, however, almost as coarse and heartless as her wretched old mother. And that is putting it pretty hard on Belle "Sip," I must admit.

Sometimes they had dancing in this "Dead-fall." Women were scarce; and indeed it was impossible to get decent women to enter here. And so it was that Carrie was persuaded, almost pressed, into service. She danced well, and no evening seemed complete to the miners without her.

Gradually—slowly but certainly—this little creature was sinking, sinking down into the mud and the slime; and no hand reached out to hold her back. Now and then Dosson gave her a piece of money. He did not know that this went to buy bread for the old man, every cent of it, while she had not clothes to keep her from shame; but so it was.

At last the girl came to sing and to dance for the boys, almost regularly. And by degrees that old woman fastened her toils about her, and bade her come and go, at will.

CHAPTER II.

A FRAGMENT.

*How stranger the half-hidden story!
How fairer the far stars of Heaven
When seen through the torn tempest, driven
With storms streaming over their glory!*

*How dearer, O beautiful daughters
Of men, is the love that is hidden!
How fairer the fair fruit forbidden!
How sweeter the sweet stolen waters!*

The events that follow are as sudden and rapid of change as the savage mountains that gave them birth. This makes them necessarily fragmentary, for I was not a witness to all the continuous events; but so it is I prefer to leave some things to your imagination, rather than draw upon my own.

It is a matter of record and of history, that one of the old French families of St. Louis—Creoles—was in that unfortunate train of emigrants who were set upon and slaughtered by the Danites, or Mormons, and Indians, in what is known to the world as the Mountain Meadow massacre.

This family at the time owned a piece of land on the outskirts of that city. It was almost worthless then; but in time it came to be of prodigious value, and eager search was made for the heirs.

The story ran, that, out of the many children who escaped massacre, the dark, low, proud Belle "Sip" of the Sierra could be named as the heir to this vast estate.

Of course this was only a vague rumor. But it was enough to inspire Gov Dosson, who had even made advances on poor, ragged Carrie, with a singular regard for the dark Creole-looking girl, and he paid eager court to her accordingly. Yet at the same time he loved—if he was capable of love—the wild and wily little girl of the woods far better than he did the low-browed and sullen Belle. And Belle knew it too; for women have a singularly direct way of going to the truth of such things; and so she hated and abused the little child-woman bitterly.

Meantime, in St. Louis, an old and able lawyer was at work. He had suddenly become informed of the presence of this girl Belle in the Sierra, and was now about sending, with all speed possible, his young and enterprising confidential clerk to find her out, and inform her of her fortune and position in the world.

The young man, the confidential clerk, Charles Devine, was the son of a widow—a California widow, so called; for her husband had gone to California, and never been heard from afterwards; and a bright young man, too, in some things. Yet perhaps he had in most things more heart than head.

His mother, a pious, gentle woman, had a nameless terror of California. For had her husband not perished there? Hence she could not think of letting her son go on this expedition. But go he must. And so he was going secretly and without her consent.

On the evening fixed by the good-hearted though gruff old lawyer for his secretary's departure, a gayly dressed young man entered the widow's humble home, and asked to see the lady.

The door had been opened by a white-headed old negro, who lingered about, and lifted his nose high in the air whenever he came near this young man, as if he sniffed some unusual odors.

This modern young man of fashion was the fast friend of Charles Devine, who, it was supposed, had just set out on his hurried visit to the heart of the Sierra.

And fast friend he was, too, in more senses than one. For the high boot-heels of Thomas Gully touched with uncertain tread the

threadbare carpet of the California widow. The beautiful, narrow-brimmed beaver sat at an angle on the fragrant head; and the man tiptoed and tilted forward, and then rocked far back on his boot-heels, as he tried hard to get his thumb and fore-finger in his vest pocket.

He paused in his ineffectual effort, put up his hand, and pushed back his hat a little; and then seeing that the old lame negro with the white head had blossomed up against the wall, and was watching him curiously, he tried to look dark and imposing. Finding that this did not melt the black man, he smiled broadly. Then he rocked to and fro and to one side, and at last got his head to the desired height.

The man was rolling a cigar between his thumb and finger, and fumbling in his pocket for a match. The old negro bobbed about, wagged his woolly head, and put up his hands in silent protest.

"Where's your Missis, Sam?" asked the man, handing his hat to the negro.

"Gone to prayer-meetin', sah."

"Gone to prayer-meeting, eh? Well, reckon I'll wait till she gets back. Here's a half-dollar. Bring me a match."

The negro twisted and twirled, and brushed at the hat, and bobbed about, and then finally jerked out one word at a time, and said:

"Gemmen don't smoke in a lady's parlor, sah."

The old negro set down the hat vehemently.

"Wish to de Lord Massa Charley was done come home, I do."

"Well, he ain't coming home. He don't come home no more."

"What! Massa Charley? Massa Charley? Speak it low and kind o' soft like, fur may be his mother might be comin' in at dat door, sah, and hear you. Not comin' home no more? I say, Massa Gully, don't joke dat way."

"He don't come no more, I tell you. There! Thought I had a match."

And biting off the end of his cigar and spitting it out, he threw up his right leg, and threw down his right arm, and the match

was soon burning at the other end of the cigar.

"Gone? Gone off anywhere? Not sick? Not dead, Massa Gully?"

"No; gone. Gone to California. And I've come to say good-by to his mother for him. He didn't have time."

"Somethin's wrong. I tell you there's somethin' wrong. It ain't Massa Charley's way fur to go fur to leave his old mother like dat. Charley's a bit wild, an' de like, and he does keep bad company. You is his busum friend, Massa Gully. But he ain't de boy for to go and send you to say good-by. Somethin's wrong. Somethin's powerful wrong."

"Yes, there is something wrong, Sam, if you must know; something is powerful wrong. He don't like old Snowe, and old Snowe don't like him. But there; go. Do you hear?" And the man who had puffed his cigar almost into a blaze threw himself into a chair, and threw his legs almost as high as his head across the corner of the table, and on the old family Bible.

The negro snatched the book away, and almost upset his man in doing so.

"Want to make it more comfortable for your legs; thought de Bible might hurt your legs," said the old negro, as he dodged a hymn-book, and limped out of the room.

As Gully sat arranging his faultless dress, Mr. Snowe, with Sam at his heels, entered the parlor. The old lawyer set down his bag, and kept on talking to the negro.

"Not here, Sam? Why, he promised to meet me here; promised to be at home here, waiting for me."

"That old fox here?" said Gully, over his shoulder; "I feel like jumping through the window."

Again the old negro began to limp and stutter.

"Very sorry, Massa Snowe. But he is not here. P'raps that gemman know whar he is, Massa Snowe. Lor! I wish he war a gemman!" and he limped himself away.

"Ah, good evening, Judge Snowe, good evening! So delighted to see you," said the man of faultless apparel; "yes, Judge Snowe

—so delighted to see you—delighted to see you. Yes, Charley has gone; gone suddenly to California. He could not bear to say good-by to his mother, so he sent me, you know, to say good-by for him.”

The old lawyer picked up his bag and came up toward his informant.

“But he has not gone already? He only to-day promised to meet me here; and he will be here.”

“He will not be here. I saw him to the depot myself.”

As he spoke, Charley Devine, reeling and singing snatches of a song, entered the parlor.

“You back?” cried Gully.

“Back again, like a bad penny. You see, Gully—you see, I was waiting there at the depot (hic)—such a crowd! Well, (hic) while I was waiting there, I saw the game going on. All down! Down your bets! Monte! Faro! Roulette! Forty to one on the eagle-bird (hic). Forty to one on the eagle-bird at roulette!”

At this Gully began to be interested. He believed the man had made a fortune.

“Well, well?” he cried eagerly.

“Forty to one on the eagle-bird—just think of it! (hic) forty times five hundred—twenty thousand dollars—and you in with me, you know.”

“Why, he has won twenty thousand dollars! A fool for luck! By the holy poker! That will just make up the loss of the bank. We were both in together, you know, Charley,” eagerly cried Gully.

“Yes, (hic) both in together, you know. Well, (hic) I just took my five hundred dollars in my fist—so, you know (hic)—and I marched straight up to that table, and I planked her down on the eagle-bird—every cent—and cried: ‘Roll! roll! Turn! turn! turn! Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand dollars or nothing! Turn! Turn! Turn!’”

“Well? Well?”

“Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand or nothing! Turn, turn, turn!”

“Well, well?”

“And he turned, you know, (hic) and—”

“And? And?”

“And the eagle-bird lost!”

“O the fool! O the reckless, drunken gambler,” growled Gully.

The old lawyer burst out, as if he had been loaded with some sort of explosive, right in the face of Gully. Then he stopped a moment, looked at the man, and again exploded. Meantime the old darkey who had stolen in and blossomed up against the wall, and watched and listened, began to grin and dance about on one leg with delight. Then he thrust a fist into his mouth, as if to try to stop it. Then he stuck both fists in his sides, and, doubling up like a jack-knife, fairly roared. At last the old lawyer managed to get on a sober face, and approaching Charley, and putting his hand on his shoulder in a kind, fatherly fashion, said:

“Charley, Charley, you are drinking again. You will break your old mother’s heart!”

“My mother—don’t say a word to her! I—I—(hic)—I will reform to-morrow.”

“Well, well, Charley,” said Snowe, taking the young man’s hand. “About this business of mine. Come, be sober; be a man. You promised to start on this business this very night. You are the only man that understands the case. You are the only man that I can trust. Can you go? Are you fit to go? Do you understand what you have to do?”

Charley Devine passed his hand across his face nervously.

“Let me see! A girl—a child of one of the wealthy old Creole families—a lost girl that our old black Sam had charge of. One of the orphans of the Mountain Meadow massacre; is now an heiress; a great estate waiting for her. And—and—you think you have a clew; you think she is in the mountains near Sierra.”

Tom Gully had listened intently, and spoke to himself:

“An heiress—a lost girl in the mountains! An heiress!”

“I am to go and search for her. My salary you are to hand over to my mother, till I return.”

“Right, right! Right, my boy. And now

you must be off. Sam!" cried Snowe, as he rang the bell.

Again the white head blossomed at the door, and the teeth glistened.

"Yes, Massa Snowe."

"You really believe you would know that child still?"

"Sure, Massa Snowe, sure! I would know dat chile—why, I would know dat chile in—Jerusalem! Why, Massa Snowe, she'd know dis ole black face, sure! She'd come right up to dis ole cripple now.

"Ah! but you must remember it is now more than twelve years since the Mormons and Indians murdered her parents, and took her from your arms on the plains; and she was hardly four years old at the time."

"But I'd know her, sure! And she—she'd know dis ole black face. Dar ain't many of my kind, Massa Snowe, up in dem white mountains; and den, O Massa Snowe, she'd know my songs! She'd fly to me like a bird, she would."

"Your songs?" mused the lawyer, thoughtfully; "did you sing to her much, Sam?"

"Allers, allers! on dem ole Plains, Massa Snowe. Why, she knowed my songs every one; she'd sing a vus, and den I'd sing a vus; and, yur see, if she hear me sing now, she'd come a-runnin' right to me—'fore God she would, Massa Snowe!"

"Capital idea! capital idea! Charley, you must be off, and at once! They are trying to impose a false claimant on us, and it's hard to disprove their claims. But this will be conviction strong as holy writ. Now, Sam, you can go; and remember, if this girl is found, your fortune is made!"

"I don't want no fortune, Massa Snowe; I wants to see dat chile once more before I dies—poor, poor baby in de mountains."

The old negro, with his sleeve to his eyes, had hobbled back to the door, and was disappearing, when the lawyer looked up from the papers he had taken from the bag and spoke:

"I say, Sam, do you think there are any marks by which she can certainly be identified?"

The negro stopped and threw up his

hands. Then he came back and stood before the lawyer, who began to write as the old cripple began to talk.

"Marks? marks, Massa Snowe? Marks dat she will take wid her to her coffin! Yes! Why, dar came de Mormons, painted red, and howlin', and a-choppin', and a-shootin', and a-stabbin'—O, Massa Snowe, it makes me sorry; it makes me sick to think of it. A whole heap of women and babies heaped together in de grass and dusty road, dead. And den dis little gal a-nestling up to me, a-hidin' in ole Sam's busum, when I lay like dead in de grass. And den when all was still, and de Mormons came up friendly like, she crept out, and de blood was a-runnin' down her arm; then they took her off and away from her ole black Sam; and all her folks was dead; and dare was a great bloody gash, dare!"

The old negro was almost wild with excitement as he told this, and pointed on his arm to the place of the wound. Then he hobbled back to the door, and out, as he wagged his head and said, as to himself:

"Know her? know dat chile? I'd know her in Jerusalem, I would!"

"That, Charley, is the child you are to find. A large tract of land, on which a city has since been built, was the property of her parents at the time of their massacre, and she is the sole heiress. Of course there are many pretenders to this fortune; but this I know is the real heiress, and I am quite certain, from what I heard last week, she has drifted into the mines of California, and can be found there," said the old lawyer to Charley, as he arranged his papers.

"I see a point! It's the biggest thing out—a mine of gold—a regular bonanza mine to any man who has the nerve to work it," said Gully, aside to himself.

"At last I am to succeed," said the lawyer; "it is an immense estate, and the only heir is this little girl: a little woman now, I suppose. You see, in the great Mountain Meadow massacre, the Indians, led by the Danites, killed all except the children of three and four years of age. The little orphans, forty or fifty in number, were taken

up by the Mormons and Indians, and in a few years were almost forgotten. I have sent agents searching everywhere, and questioning about everyone I could hear of, but I have been always disappointed. But now I have a new hope, and with care it shall become a reality." He stopped talking here, and walked across the room. Then suddenly turning to Charley, said: "It is a beautiful and a very strange superstition of the Indians, that they will not kill a negro."

"An Indian will not kill a negro?" queried Charley.

"No. An Indian of the Plains will not kill a negro. In this case, they spared old Sam only because he was black. I have the greatest possible hope; for if the child can remember anything at all, she can remember old black Sam. Charley, it shall be your task to find her."

"A delightful task! I shall so like to get out and up into the mountains and heart of the Sierra. Such scenery! Such air! The smell of the fir and tamarack! Ah! I shall reform there!"

"And now, Charley, you are to go directly to the Sierra, and sit down there quietly in the heart of the mountains. Get all the information you can about her; get acquainted with her quietly; get her confidence; find out what she remembers of her old negro, and all; and when you are convinced that she is really the heiress, I will come with black Sam, to satisfy the law and the State that we have made no mistake. Come! it's just the enterprise for a man of nerve and heart. And you really don't need much head for this, you know;" and the lawyer laughed good-naturedly. "All you want is heart."

"She is very rich, you say?" said Gully, carelessly.

"The richest girl, perhaps, in California. A city has been built on her lands, fortunately, and there is no computing her wealth."

"Then, Charley," said the man, turning eagerly to him, "you go at once! Go! I see a fortune in it—a fortune, do you hear? Go find this girl. Find her, woo her, win

her, marry her! And don't let her know she is an heiress until it's all over. The biggest thing in America!" said Gully again. "Woo her, win her, wed her, before she knows anything about her good fortune! Charley, I congratulate you! I say, that is the biggest thing in America!" then lowering his voice, and looking suspiciously at Snowe, went on, "Go up there in the mountains in your good clothes, and take plenty of perfumery, and you can win that mountain girl in less than a month. And when you have got the girl, send for old black Sam; prove her identity yourself, and let old Snowe go to the devil."

"But this is unworthy of—"

"There you go again, with your heart—all heart and no head. Go! Do as I tell you; but be sure you take plenty of perfumery with you; women like plenty of perfumery. Few women can reason; but all women can smell. Take plenty of perfumery."

As he spoke, Mrs. Devine entered.

"O mother; I am so glad you have come before—before I go!"

"Before you go, Charley?" asked his mother, disengaging herself from her boy.

"Yes, mother, I—I did not want to tell you myself, but now I must. I go to California to-night."

"To California! No! No! Not there! Not to that place, of all places in the world. Not there. Not there, I implore you." And the woman clung to her boy, as if she would hold him back from some dreadful abyss.

"Mother, I must go. There is no escaping; I must: and must go to-night—now! And why have you such a horror of California?"

"My son, hear me; sit here and hear me," said the mother, as she drew her boy to a seat by her side. "Your father is buried there."

"Mother, I am going to find my father's grave."

"Charley, you will find a grave there if you go. You will find only a grave here when you return."

"Only time to catch the train, Massa

Charles," called out the old negro. Then { his eyes, as Charley tore himself from his
he shook his head and drew his sleeve across { mother's arms, and disappeared.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AT THE SUMMIT.

Not to the southern savanna
That pants for the clasp of the sea,
Nor yet to the peaks of Montana
White mitred in chastity—
But here, O my fairer Sierra,
I come like a child to thy breast,
Confessing my heart's bitter error,
Lamenting its burning unrest.

Here only, O marvelous mountains,
Sublimely serene and unmoved,
I drink a new faith from thy fountains
And feel my forebodings unproved.
The stars they are nearer and kinder,
The air seems clearer to sight,
And worlds that await but the finder
Are faint on the verge of the night.

Far down, unaware of this glory,
The bruised earth lies at my feet—
Shall I take them this balm salvatory?
Will they know it is healing and sweet?
Or will they pronounce this a vision,
And me but a coiner of dreams
Deserving their wiser derision,
Their jests and significant gleams?

What matters how plodders shall take it!
The grandeur of truth must be sung;
And the sneering of fools shall not shake it,
Where once its accents have rung.
And builder and singer and dreamer
Shall dream and shall sing and shall build,
For the world will forget the vain schemer
When the mission of these is fulfilled.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

CRABB'S EXPEDITION INTO SONORA.

On Wednesday, January 21st, 1857, a party numbering about seventy men left San Francisco on the steamer *Sea Bird*, for Los Angeles County, there to outfit for an expedition into the Mexican State of Sonora, the most inviting to American emigration of any of the States of that unsettled Republic. Henry A. Crabb was the leader of the party. It was called the American and Arizona Mining and Emigration Company. A native of Mississippi, a Southern man of the most determined bravery, and of uncommon ability, sturdy of nature, robust in constitution, gallant, generous, gentle as a woman in the even ways of life, yet bold and courageous as a lion when roused, and of disposition and habits calculated to inspire and bind friendship, to bring men to honor him and to become devoted to him—Crabb was then the most popular leader of the element in California which was the readiest for adventure, and eager for new fields of fortune. He was of the class of old Whigs who could not become reconciled to Democracy; and while his soul abhorred proscription in any form on account of nativity, or religion, or principle, he had, in the singular exigency of the political situation in California, in 1855, preferred even the Know-Nothing organization to an affiliation with the Democratic party. The overwhelming success of that organization that year had brought his name into prominence for the seat in the Senate of the United States vacated by Dr. Gwin, March 3rd, 1855, in connection with the names of ex-Senator and ex-Governor Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, and Colonel Edward C. Marshall, former Representative in Congress from California, by Democratic election. But the failure of the State legislature to elect a Senator during the session which begun January 7th, 1856, and the foreshadowed improbability of the dominant element to prevail in the campaign of that year, impelled Crabb to

look elsewhere for a field of action to give play and scope to his energy and ambition.

Mr. Crabb had married into the family of Mr. Ainsa, a Mexican gentleman, formerly a merchant and prominent citizen of Sonora, who had emigrated to California during the early period of the gold-discovery excitement. His daughters were beautiful, good, and accomplished; his sons, young gentlemen of culture, polish, and excellent business qualifications. The family were much beloved and honored in their native Sonora, and maintained the most friendly relations with many of the most distinguished and influential of the people there. In March, 1856, Mr. Crabb had visited Sonora to attend the wedding of his wife's brother, Mr. Augustin Ainsa. Mrs. Crabb accompanied him. During his sojourn in Sonora, he was greeted and treated with unbounded hospitality by the most substantial class; and a number of those conspicuous in the political affairs of the State invited him to conferences and select gatherings of deep concernment in governmental matters.

There was then grave unrest in the condition of Sonora toward the Central Government in the City of Mexico. It had been the rule and vicious policy for years to appoint Governors over the States of the Republic without consulting or considering the wishes or the temper of the people of the State. Too often the man appointed to State control had been merely the favorite of the dominant faction at the national capital, or an adventurer or rebellious leader who had to be placated by lucrative position or rich spoil, or one in other respects more or less unqualified for the high and important office; and the evil of such appointments had become unendurable. The people did not desire to resort to frenzied outburst and bloody revolution; but they required reform, and were resolved to compel it, if that should be the only alterna-

tive. In that emergency, their greatest need would be a competent leader, and an armed force formidable enough to prevail. Crabb seemed, to the men foremost and deepest in this matter, as the man above all others for their purpose; and with his great influence among his admirers in California, it would be easy for him, they reasoned, to enlist and lead into Sonora a body of one thousand gallant and sturdy men, equally qualified for soldierly duties and the peaceful pursuits of life, as desirable immigrants. And this force could also be brought into requisition at any time, in repelling the forays, and protecting the people from the devastating and numerous raids of the warlike and savage Apaches who infested the border, and rendered property and life alike insecure on the north-western portion of the State.

Governor Gandara, the last appointee of the Central Government as the executive head of Sonora, was neither capable nor popular. He used the responsible station mainly for his own benefit and enrichment, regardless of the public interests, or of the welfare of the people. The chief sources of revenue, and the leading traffic of the State, he farmed out to a few wealthy contractors or merchants, mostly Americans and English, who thereupon established oppressive and extortionate monopolies, by which great hardships and most burdensome taxes, as well as intolerable wrongs and galling deprivation of rights, were imposed upon the people generally, to such extremity as to cripple their industry, depress their trade, and exhaust their finances. The Central Government had been so often petitioned and besought to remedy this insufferable condition of affairs, and had so persistently refused or obstinately neglected to remedy it, that the best citizens of the State had concerted means by which to enforce their proper measure of redress, and to secure their fair share of natural and political rights. Augustin Ainsa possessed the public confidence, and the promoters and active participants in the movement held him in high estimation. As Crabb was Ainsa's brother-in-law, the way to invite him to their conferences, and entrust

him with their designs, was made easier, and with better prospect of persuading him to join with them in the revolution, which it was hoped would be peaceful; yet, if trouble should eventuate, they intended to be prepared for the worst, inasmuch as Ainsa could assure Crabb of the strong drift of the popular sentiment, and inform him of the character and weight of the men who were at the head of the movement.

Their plan was, that Crabb should return to California, there raise one thousand good men for the purpose, and, with this force, march into Sonora, to sustain the revolutionists, in the event of any attempt on the part of the Central Government to suppress the movement, and impose its own appointees again upon the protesting people. This was, in effect, the proposition submitted to Crabb by the leading citizens of Sonora; and after mature consideration he accepted it. The recompense and reward which he and those he should bring with him were to receive, if the movement should prove successful, appeared satisfactory to Crabb, and he departed upon his novel mission. One circumstance, when it became known among the Sonorians, caused that whole people to regard him with uncommon devotion and gratitude. On his way to California, overland, in 1849, the party which he headed had intercepted a band of hostile Apaches, fresh from a savage incursion in Sonora, with spoil of horses and cattle, and valuables of other description, and having, as captives, a number of women and children. Crabb's party attacked and routed the Indians, recovered the horses and property, and freed the wretched captives from a fate worse than death. This noble service in behalf of the Sonorians had been gratefully remembered; and now that the chief actor in the valorous and humane deed was among them as guest, the people were eager and enthusiastic in demonstrating to him their heart-felt appreciation of his gallantry, and their desire to more substantially reward him. He therefore had ample reason to believe that his mission would be righteous, in fact, and ardently sustained by the people most interested.

The leader of the revolutionary movement in Sonora was Pesquera, who was selected as the man to assume the governorship; and next to him in importance ranked Yingo, Cubitas, Aguilar, and Roderiquez. Between these chiefs and Crabb a thorough understanding existed as to the mode of procedure. They would inaugurate the revolution, in order to impart to it the true character of a genuine popular movement on the part of the people of Sonora; for it was suggested by Crabb himself, and concurred in by the Sonoran leaders, that for him to come there, an American and a stranger as he was, with any such intention, or with hostile manifestation, would subject the project itself to the odium of filibustering, and mark him as a desperate filibustering adventurer, to be regarded and treated as the most dangerous and most infamous of enemies by the people, from the moment he should set foot upon their soil. Accordingly, it was arranged that the revolution should be inaugurated a few months after his departure from the State; and, while the Government party would be ignorant of his design, to return with an armed force, to prosecute it to victory.

This caution had become all the more essential, because Gandara, suspicious himself of Crabb's presence in Sonora, and prompted also by his favorites and spies, had already written to the Government at the City of Mexico, to apprise the rulers of the situation. And the very demonstrations on the part of the people themselves, even of those who had not participated in the revolutionary scheme, in distrust of and protest to Gandara's mischievous and outrageous maladministration, were represented at headquarters by him as positive proofs of the popular disturbance which the presence of himself and other Americans from California was exciting in the State.

Crabb was not a filibuster, nor was he favorable to schemes of that nature. He was aware that the suspicion of the Mexican Government was unreasonably directed toward him, from Gandara's absurd reports of his visit and his intentions. He had knowledge of the ill-fated expedition of Count

Roussett de Boulbon, a few years before, to revolutionize the States of Mexico upon the Pacific, and of Walker's subsequent expedition; and he was keenly alive to the anxiety and indignation felt by all the governments and people of the coast over the new filibustering expedition of General William Walker in Nicaragua. He was therefore more circumspect in his conduct, and careful in his movements, not only while he remained in Sonora, after his agreement with the revolutionary chiefs, but also upon his return to California, lest improper motives should be attributed to his enterprise. He was conscious that there were parties in San Francisco, men of wealth and high social position, who possessed large influence in commercial and financial circles, ready at the slightest appearance of effort on his part to organize an expedition to Sonora, to denounce him and it to the Mexican Government. It was the interest of these parties to do so, for the simple reason that they were in firm alliance, as merchants and capitalists, with the monopolists to whom Governor Gandara had farmed the revenues and traffic and industries of the State. It was this combination of capital and trade, in monopoly form, which controlled affairs at Guaymas, the commercial port of Sonora; and the commerce between that port and San Francisco was almost exclusively in their hands. Likewise, they held the control of the most eligible and richest mines of Sonora; and maintained over the people a power which enabled them, through the Governor and his administration, to exact tribute from all classes. It was quite as essential to these monopolists and their associates that the government of the State should be absolutely subject to the Central Government—as it was under Gandara—as that the government should exist as it stood, strong against the hazard of revolution.

Crabb returned to California, and cautiously proceeded to shape his plans. But in the midst of this preparation, he was once more persuaded, against the earnest advice and admonition of his best friends, to espouse the cause of the American or Know-Nothing

party in the State and Presidential campaigns of that year. He had gone on a visit to his friends in Mariposa, before the meeting of the State convention of his party; and from his home in San Joaquin, all the way South and back, his journey had been a continuous ovation. He accepted this personal enthusiasm as the predicate upon which to convince himself that, notwithstanding the prediction of his less sanguine and more sagacious friends to the contrary, his own party would win the victory in the State, if not in the Union, and that his own election as United States Senator would certainly follow. Thus inspired, he neglected, although he had not abandoned, his expedition scheme; and it was not until the result of the election convinced him of his disastrous blunder, that he realized the perplexing consequences of it. His engagement was, to proceed to the organization of his one thousand men, and to have them in readiness to march to Sonora, or to land them at Point Lobos, on the Sonora coast, upon advices to that purpose from the revolutionary chiefs. They had learned, however, of his active participation in California politics, and reasonably argued that he had partly, if not wholly, abandoned the enterprise. Their letters to him had gone unanswered for months, and the few letters received from him were unsatisfactory. Yet he had all the time determined to observe his faith with them, or to duly apprise them of any change of mind. He now again resolved to apply himself studiously to the business of the expedition.

There were at that period fully five thousand men in California who would readily and heartily have enlisted in Crabb's expedition. Walker's filibustering scheme in Nicaragua had roused the spirit of wild adventure, and attracted the cupidity of the large class who were in search of fresh fields for the display of those qualities which unsuited them for quiet life and the daily routine of regular pursuits. Some of them had acquired habits, while serving in the war with Mexico, which had made them ever since disinclined to ordinary peaceful occupations;

and a good proportion of these longed for a return to the Mexican mode of life. Others had become imbued with the spirit of the rover, in crossing the plains; and others still, by engaging in prospecting tours and long journeys from all parts of the mining regions in the interior, to the various gold-rush excitements along the coast, Gold Bluffs, Trinidad, etc. And placer-mining—the unearthing of the precious dust and nuggets without the aid of costly implements and contrivances—had then about reached its close, and left out of independent employment thousands who felt it irksome beyond endurance to toil for set wages. All these, together with others naturally inclined to roving life and adventure, were seeking or awaiting opportunity to join Crabb, go to Walker, or to any other, where work was less a requirement than the periling of life in any scheme of occupation or conquest.

Crabb was not a military man. It was essential to his expedition that he should secure some trusty friend who was, and apporportion to him that branch of the organization. One offered before he had seriously begun to look about to select such a friend and assistant. General John D. Cosby was a Senator from Siskiyou County, elected by the party with which Crabb stood allied. He had commanded a detachment or regiment of volunteers in the severe war of 1855-56 with the Rogue River Indians, in Southern Oregon, and had gained considerable reputation as a brave and skillful officer. He learned of Crabb's scheme, and hastened to offer his services. An arrangement was soon effected between them, by which the organization of the expedition was virtually committed to Cosby.

He informed Crabb that in Siskiyou there were fully one thousand men who had served under him in the Rogue River Indian war that would be delighted to enlist in the expedition; and as he knew these men, had seen them in active service, and could depend upon them in every emergency, he preferred by all means to secure them rather than any similar number Crabb himself might muster or select from any other source.

It was required, in order that the whole command should have something of substantial footing to unite and bind them, that each man should have at least one hundred dollars, to make appropriate outfit—a rifle, revolver, and ammunition to each man, besides money for expenses on the march or route. On this score, Cosby further insisted upon the enlistment of his own favorite men, a thousand good men and true, for they already had, or nearly all of them, he was positive, the rifle, the revolver, a good knife, and a horse and saddle each; and they could be depended upon to march at a day's notice, an important consideration of itself. Thus pressed by Cosby, Crabb finally surrendered to his newly chosen military commander of the expedition the entire control of the organization, reserving to himself the right merely to take with him a force of a hundred men, or even less, more as associates and escort than as fighting men; to accompany him to the Sonora border, there to await the landing of Cosby's command at Point Lobos; and then, upon mutual understanding, to enter the State, and join in the revolutionary cause with the native leaders, as allies.

This was the arrangement in general form. Having committed to Cosby the military organization, Crabb proceeded to the selection of his own company of friends. Among these were John Henry of Mariposa, Drs. Oxley and McDowell of Tuolumne, Colonel R. Nat. Wood and ex-Senator McCoun of Contra Costa, McKinney of San Jose, Judge Shaffer of Yuba, Major Wood, Major Tozer, and Dr. Evans. Hundreds of men from the southern counties, where Crabb was best known and popularly beloved, came to him, or wrote to him, offering their services. On account of his agreement with General Cosby, he was constrained to decline these offers. It was important that the command should leave San Francisco early in January, at the very latest. In renewing his correspondence with Pesquiera and the revolutionary chiefs in Sonora, Crabb had promised that now there should be no failure, no delay on his part; and thus encouraged, they

had likewise proceeded to action. They required that his force should be ready to join the native movement not later than March; and if earlier than that, the better. Crabb made Sacramento his headquarters, as Cosby was still a Senator, although he agreed to resign and sail with the expedition, without hesitation or delay. Yet he requested more time than Crabb felt justified in yielding for his men to prepare; notwithstanding he had protested they were minute-men, they now seemed to require weeks in getting ready. Crabb grew impatient. Cosby professed the utmost concern for the speedy coming of his one thousand volunteers. Weeks had flown, valuable, precious days were passing; yet not a volunteer from Cosby's Indian-war veterans reached Sacramento. Crabb could wait no longer; nor was he in the mood or the condition to break with Cosby. He simply suppressed and concealed his intense anxiety for prompt movement, for action on Cosby's part; left Sacramento for San Francisco, and made the necessary arrangements for the departure of his own chosen associates on their way to the Sonora frontier. He was confident, all the while, however much he deplored the aggravating delay, that General Cosby would most surely observe his pledge, and sail with his command at the time finally agreed upon, so that there should be no failure of his own solemn pledges to his Sonoran friends and allies.

He had been sorely tried in respect to his fidelity to these revolutionary chiefs; and had sacrificed much in money and position to keep his faith with them. Walker had already mastered the Nicaragua Government to such extent as to have gained control of the transit route across the Isthmus, then of first importance to the opposition steamship line, of which Commodore C. K. Garrison was agent in San Francisco. Edmund Randolph and A. P. Crittenden were the confidential friends of Walker. He had empowered them to sell the transit right of way to the steamship company, and Garrison had paid a large sum for it. But its possession under that sale depended on Walker's ability to sustain his supremacy in Nicaragua. He was

greatly in need of men, of soldiers, and recruiting had seriously diminished. Walker had information of Crabb's scheme, and he knew Crabb intimately. Crabb's aid and his one thousand men would be sufficient to secure to himself the absolute control of the country, to establish his own government in Nicaragua. He urged his friends in San Francisco to prevail with Crabb, and bring him over to the Nicaragua scheme; authorizing them to offer him high position and large prospective rewards, to be realized with the certainty of conquest. From a much more substantial source, by men abundantly able to maintain their promises in money to any amount, and to perform all else that they pledged to Crabb, he was offered the pay of \$500 per month in hand, for two years, and free passage for himself and family during that period between San Francisco and New Orleans, or to and from Nicaragua, on condition that he would join Walker. He was pressed by his most intimate friends to accept this offer. He was poor; he needed money for the adequate support of his wife and children. His Sonora scheme was hazardous in every respect; it promised little in money, a doubtful reward at last; and meantime his family would need subsistence. He was averse to filibustering, however; and the thought of breaking his faith with Pesquera and the other Sonoran leaders was abhorrent to his manly impulse, revolting to his conscience. He resolved to decline the Nicaragua-scheme offer, and to maintain his obligations with the revolutionary chiefs.

Accordingly, as it is stated in the opening of this sketch, the party under Henry A. Crabb sailed on the Sea Bird from San Francisco for San Pedro, *en route* to the Sonora frontier, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1857. The steamer arrived at San Pedro on the 24th, and the party proceeded to El Monte, a few miles from Los Angeles, where they outfitted for the journey southward through Arizona. There they stopped a week, and, with wagons, teams, riding animals, provisions, equipments, etc., thence started for Fort Yuma, which point was reached February 27th, the company numbering ninety

men. There Dr. Evans left the expedition, and proceeded alone to Sonora. March 4th the company left Fort Yuma, and journeyed directly toward Sonoita, in Arizona, near the Mexican line, where they arrived March 25th. At Sonoita was the American trading post of Belknap & Dunbar, in whose employ, as clerk, was Jesus Ainsa, a brother-in-law of Crabb. On the 27th, Crabb started to cross into Sonora, and for the small pueblo of Cavorca, in command of sixty-eight men; having left Captain McKinney and twenty men with one wagon at Cabeza Prieta, to procure animals and provisions, and overtake the main body at Cavorca. He pushed on eagerly, as he was anxious to reach Point Lobos, at which point he had been informed by some Papago Indians, supposed to have come from the coast, a vessel had arrived with a large number of men on board, and he was certain these were the brave Siskiyou volunteers and Indian-war veterans, with his trusted friend General Cosby at their head.

When Crabb left Sacramento to prepare at San Francisco for his departure, General Cosby had assured him, upon his honor as a man, that no other cause than infirmity or death should prevent him from being at Point Lobos at the appointed time, with his one thousand sturdy veterans, well armed and equipped. Crabb implicitly believed General Cosby, and would not permit one or two of his most devoted friends, who had grown suspicious, or at least impatient, of Cosby's hesitation, and, as it appeared to them, dilly-dallying, to question Cosby's conduct or fidelity in his presence. He declared his readiness to answer for Cosby's performance of his solemn pledge, with his own life. He little dreamed, at the moment, how terrible the issue would be tried, how it would result. And in this abiding, unshaken faith in Cosby, as his military commander for the expedition, to follow at the appointed time, Crabb left San Francisco and journeyed onward, even into the jaws of death at Cavorca. He never learned to the contrary; his faith perished with himself.

But Crabb's friends in San Francisco, after his departure, became more solicitous

for the sailing of the expedition. In fact, despite their most arduous efforts and incessant inquiries from other friends all over the State, they were unable to obtain positive information that General Cosby had actually enlisted a single man for the expedition. This increased their fears as to Cosby's fidelity to Crabb. For months, the newspapers, especially in San Francisco, and mainly those most under the influence which was naturally opposed to a scheme like that of Crabb's, had kept up a fire of items and paragraphs, with occasional strong editorial articles, in denunciation of the project, and classing it as another filibustering foray, similar to that of Walker's in Nicaragua. These squibs and attacks had sorely annoyed Crabb before his departure; and now they were particularly exasperating to his friends. There was but one way to meet or silence them, and that was, for the expedition to sail, and in time to demonstrate that, while it was revolutionary in its design, it was not so in the filibustering sense; but only as an aid or arm to a native people struggling against insufferable outrages and oppressions at the hands of an irresponsible Central Government, and determined upon adopting the grand example of the American revolutionary patriots to secure for themselves the birthright prerogative of governing themselves in their own way, as their own plan of government provided, but which the Central Government refused to guarantee or to allow.

Two of Crabb's friends went to Sacramento, late in January, to consult with Cosby. He assured them that his men were nearly ready, and would be in San Francisco, prepared to depart, within a fortnight at the utmost. They returned to San Francisco satisfied; chartered a brig, stipulating the day she was to be ready for sea, and at once notified Cosby. No response came. They awaited another day, then wrote again. No answer coming to that, they telegraphed. Still no response from Cosby. Then they telegraphed to a mutual friend, to call upon him and request explanation. Back came the information, in less than an hour, that General Cosby, Military Commander of the Arizona

and Mexico Agricultural and Mining Expedition—the Crabb expedition—had left Sacramento two days before for his home in Siskiyou County, not intending to return to the capital. Next came a more startling surprise. Judge Peters, the district judge of that whole district, an intimate and devoted friend of Crabb, cognizant of his scheme, and sympathizing with it, visited San Francisco, and informed his own and Crabb's friends that he had made special and studious inquiries all through Siskiyou County, as well as in contiguous counties, and he had been unable to discover even a trace of any word or letter from General Cosby, to any soul in that whole region, in respect to the expedition, or inviting any one to join it. Judge Peters personally knew a great many of the Siskiyou veterans of the Rogue River Indian war, and had conversed with them on the subject; but there was not one among them all who had ever received intimation from their old commander, General Cosby, or from any other source, that their services would be welcome, or received if proffered, in the Crabb expedition; notwithstanding that a round number would have been very glad to have joined that expedition.

It was now too late to think of an expedition by sea, to co-operate with Crabb. The only thing to be done was to communicate to him the unfortunate condition of affairs. General Cosby alone was in authority, as far as enlistments and organization were involved, and no other was authorized by Crabb to act. The charter of the brig was abandoned. That was Captain Farnham's loss, and the owners'. He and they were fortunate to lose only that which money could repair, if it could not restore. The other loss incident to Crabb and his devoted associates was shocking and irreparable; to their wives and families, heart-blasting and overwhelming; to their kindred and friends, lamentable and harrowing beyond expression.

There were then neither fast mail-coaches, pony, expresses, railroads, nor telegraphs. There was but one way to dispatch the all-important word to Crabb; but that way was immediately adopted. A bold and coura-

geous rider—hardy, experienced, resolute, who would never rest a minute when he should ride, who knew not fear, and who loved the man he rode and slept not to save as he loved his own kin—was started upon the long, weary, and perilous journey. Night and day he rode; tough and wiry, long-winded horses broke down under his vigor of spur and rate of speed; they were exchanged, with brief halt, for others. He swam streams that could not be forded; he ate, as he pushed forward at best speed, in the saddle; he napped, to cheat nature of her due of rest and recuperation; and neither the drifting and burning sands, the arid waste and the choking thirst of the broad desert, nor the scorching midday sun or chilling winds of the black night, stayed him or overcame him. Straight onward he forced and forged his fatiguing way, until he reached Fort Yuma; and there he was stopped, only by the sure-told story of the massacre of the entire party with Crabb at Cavorca. Cook, the fearless and faithful rider, then turned his way homeward, and leisurely rode to Los Angeles, whence he returned to San Francisco by steamer, the confirmation of the sad report having preceded his arrival. He had done all that man could do to save the party from the butchery.

Among the number who had come from Tuolumne to join Crabb, was a lad of only fifteen years, Charles E. Evans by name. Of all the party with Crabb, he alone was spared from death by his captors, solely on account of his youth. He returned in a few months to California. But long before, the details of the massacre, and of the movements of Crabb up to the fatal day, were authentically related for the press by Edward E. Dunbar, of the trading firm at Sonoita, in a letter from Rio Colorado, May 1st, to William E. Darling, a prominent merchant of San Francisco. Crabb, misled by the story of the Papago Indians, of the arrival of a vessel at Point Lobos with many men on board—a story, as it was subsequently ascertained, which they had been instructed to relate to his party for the very purpose it accomplished—hastened forward to Cavor-

ca, where he arrived Wednesday morning, April 1st—fatal day of deceptions. He expected no attack; he feared no hostility. While riding leisurely along through wheat-fields on the narrow roadway, in feeling of perfect security, about 8 o'clock, the party was suddenly fired upon by a large force concealed in the wheat on either side of the road. Thus attacked, and so unexpectedly, the party made the best resistance they could, and pursued their course directly to the pueblo. Before reaching the town, they found the lane they were in led into a broad open space, beyond which were the habitations of adobe and wood. Into this space they forced their way against a hot cross-fire from every direction, by soldiers concealed behind every object which afforded ambush and protection to the assailants. Crabb's party, led by him, took refuge in a row of low adobe houses with thatched roofs. The soldiers made haste to take possession of the church opposite. Two of the party had been killed: Clark Small, and one known as "Shorty"; and John George, William Cheney, and a lawyer from El Monte named Clark, were mortally wounded. Fifteen others had received wounds more or less severe.

In the adobe buildings the penned-up expeditionists remained in comparative security until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, despite a random fire from the soldiers in the church, 200 or 300 strong, when the last keg of powder was taken to be utilized in blowing up the church edifice. Crabb and fifteen men started upon this desperate purpose, amidst a raking fire from the Mexicans in the street, and the soldiers in the church. Five of the fifteen were shot down, seven others wounded—Crabb himself, in the elbow—and with the keg of powder the three unhurt and seven wounded returned to the adobes, determined to sell their lives at the dearest possible cost. This condition of offensive and defensive warfare continued day and night, without intermission, during the weary days and terrible nights of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of April, and until the evening of the 6th, when a Papago Indian

succeeded in setting fire to the roof of the buildings now become their fort. To defeat this attempt to burn their place of refuge and security, Crabb blew up the keg of powder, saved until now. It failed of its design; and, amidst the crackling of the flames all about his remnant little band of intrepid spirits, Crabb then received and deliberated upon overtures from the attacking force for surrender. They were assured that they should be treated as prisoners of war. Crabb then dispatched Hines, a brave and fearless man, with a flag of truce, to arrange the terms of capitulation. Gabilondo, the commander of the Mexicans, held Hines a close prisoner; but he found opportunity to shout to Crabb that the terms were for the expeditionists to march out one by one, without their arms, and surrender, after which they should be sent to Altar, and there be given fair trial. Anxious for the wounded, however, Crabb still required to learn the manner in which they would be treated. Gabilondo replied, through Mr. Cortelyou, a brother-in-law of Crabb, and acting on his authority and behalf, that there was a good physician in the place, and they should be well cared for. He afterwards, with grim jocoseness, explained that his "good physician" was the musket, and its contents the "good medicine" he intended. While this conversation concerning the terms was going on between Mr. Cortelyou, of Crabb's party, and Gabilondo, the latter was safely ensconced in the belfry of the church. Some of the party opposed the surrender, but they finally yielded to Crabb's persuasion, who had faith in Gabilondo's promises. But as they marched out in file, each man had his arms tied fast together, and was then led to the Mexican barracks, where all were imprisoned at 11 o'clock that night. Crabb was soon after led away to another room, where he was interviewed by Gabilondo, and not afterward allowed to speak to any of his command. At midnight a sergeant came into the barracks, and read to the prisoners their doom—death-sentence: to be shot at sunrise the next morning. The sentence was in Spanish, and Mr. Cortelyou interpreted

it for his comrades. By order of Gabilondo, the names of the entire party now held as condemned prisoners were written down by Colonel R. N. Wood, and given to the officer in charge. Gabilondo personally supervised the proceedings.

But the boy Evans was not to be butchered in that treacherous and inhuman manner. At 2 o'clock the fatal morning, he was awakened from his sound sleep, his arms unbound, and led away. At dawn he was dispatched, with escort to closely guard him, to Altar, in company with Gabilondo. At 8 o'clock, Altar was reached. Meantime, at sunrise, the bloody work was begun. In squads of five and ten, the unfortunate men, thus trapped into surrender and death, were led forth and shot. Crabb was reserved for a more barbarous death. He was led alone to the slaughter, his hands bound and stretched above his head, there fastened, his face turned to the wall, his back exposed to his executioners, and then shot through the body. Instantly his head was severed from the mangled body. Two days afterwards the savage Gabilondo took the boy Evans back to Cavorca, there showed him the stripped and unburied corpses, already partly eaten by coyotes and hogs and buzzards, and then brought him to look at the ghastly head of Crabb, preserved in a jar of vinegar, which was lifted from the liquid, that the poor lad should be compelled to see it in all the hideousness of its revolting condition. Evans was subsequently carried by Gabilondo to Ures, where he saw him deliver to Pesquira the papers he had taken from Crabb; thence he was forced to accompany Gabilondo to his home in Hermosillo, where he was kept as a servant in his household until late in August of that year, when he was released through the intercession of Minister Forsyth, and during the fall returned to California by way of Guaymas.

Before Crabb was shot, he requested permission to write to his wife in San Francisco. The request was granted; the letter written and delivered to Gabilondo, who solemnly assured him it should be forwarded to his wife. It never was. Nor was any other let-

ter, paper, or message from any of the unfortunate expeditionists ever returned to their relatives or friends.

Major Wood and Major Tozer, and the men with them, left behind before crossing the Mexican border, escaped the slaughter by that detail. Captain McKinney and his detachment returned in time to be included in the butchery. Jesus Ainsa was taken prisoner at Sonoita, on American soil, by a Mexican squad, and carried into Cavorca. The United States timely compelled the authorities to release him. Rasey Biven, another of Crabb's brothers-in-law, was in the pursuit of peaceable business in Hermosillo. He, too, was arrested for alleged complicity in Crabb's scheme, but after examination was set at liberty, as there was no ground of complaint against him. The Government of the United States never took action in reference to the massacre of Crabb's party.

It is since known, that the revolution was inaugurated as projected, in favor of Pesquira; that Gandara abdicated and hastened back to the City of Mexico, where he industriously circulated stories of the revolutionary scheme, and then returned to Sonora to acquire further evidence. The Government was in constant correspondence with the parties in San Francisco, whose interest was in that direction; and it is susceptible of fair proof, yet not legal proof, that means more powerful and more seductive than words or appeals were used to prevent the organization of the one thousand men, and their departure for Point Lobos in Sonora. Pesquira, as Governor, found himself likely to be impeached for complicity with Crabb. In his changed position it became necessary for him to prove that this was not a tenable accusation; hence he gave the orders which wrought the fate of the party. Gabilondo was simply his pliant and subservient instrument. It was delay which blasted Crabb's part in the scheme; and to save himself and themselves, Pesquira and

the other revolutionary leaders, then elevated to the places and the power the revolution was to give them, preferred the only alternative left—that of sacrificing their betrayed dupe and unsuspecting, confiding ally, Henry A. Crabb and his party. Gabilondo was a *protégé* of the great Missouri Senator, Thomas H. Benton, and had been partly educated by him. Hernandez, a wretched Mexican druggist of Cavorca, who spoke English, at first boasted that it was his own right arm which had cut Crabb's head from the lifeless trunk. Happily for him, it was only a baseless boast. An Indian was the wretch.

General Cosby had accepted the hospitality of ex-Governor Foote's home for his wife and family while he should be absent in Sonora. The generous offer was never embraced; there was never occasion for it. Cosby himself never returned to Sacramento. He suddenly began to live as one in affluence; and while driving a pair of fast roadsters to a light buggy, was thrown from the vehicle and killed. A year after Crabb's death, it was discovered, by an American gentleman traveling in Sonora, that the monopolist merchants of Guaymas had received positive information from California, during the winter of 1856-57, not later than February, that there was no likelihood of the sailing from San Francisco of the one thousand men, or any other formidable body expected by Crabb to join him. And it is positively known, that had he not believed, while his intrepid little band was in the adobes in Cavorca, that reinforcements and succor would soon reach him from the strong force of the one thousand, which he expected from Point Lobos, or from the smaller force of Major Wood, which he supposed to be on the way from the frontier, the manner of the death of himself and his party would have been very different. He would have perished, and his men with him, as Davy Crockett and James Bowie and their invincible comrades perished at the memorable Alamo.

JAMES O'MEARA.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

CHAPTER IV.

And so it was done at last. So easily, in fact, that as Allen stood outside the little gate, and for a moment paused, he wondered why he had not dared to make the essay many months ago. What now had become of all the silly fears and perturbations that had for so long troubled him? Where were his disturbing speculations and self-imagined miseries? And what had been the need of those artfully contrived and eloquent pleadings that in his innermost thoughts he had so often framed, to be poured forth in resistless flow at some carefully preordained opportunity, and thereby incline Stella's heart in his favor? Lo! the propitious moment had come almost unforeseen, and as of itself; and the purposed eloquence of tongue had been palsied by emotion; but the feelings of his heart had been shown forth as fully and resistlessly by the subtle ardor of his glance, and a few whispered words had revealed the whole story of his love more persuasively, perhaps, than it could otherwise have been told; and now at last his troubled spirit could feel itself at rest.

Returning to the tavern, he passed unperceived to his room, and sought repose. Truly, now at last, he could enjoy undisturbed and tranquil slumber; perhaps bright angels of sweet assurance and contentment would in his dreams hover over him, and shower down blessings from their extended wings. And it is not unnatural, it may be, for new-found happiness to lead up to pleasant visions and tinge the sleep with golden imagery. To the young girl whose heart has tasted the first rapture of some long-anticipated bliss, this may be so. But, on the other hand, to the man of earnest action and purpose, not often does success accompany itself with visions of bright fancy. To such a one, in fact, there is more often the not unwelcome

sequence of quiet and dreamless sleep, undisturbed by any reflex of his waking cares, yet with as much certainty as though attended by angelic visitants, bringing in its train the blessings of content and restoration.

Therefore the Colonel lay in merely a quiet, dreamless, fancy-free repose, and awoke at last with his spirits calm and untroubled. Almost before he realized where he was, indeed, he felt that his heart was elate with some perception of newly gained contentment; and as he grew more conscious of his surroundings, everything seemed to attune itself to that sense of happiness: a love long cherished, gained at last, and no one able any further to trouble his heart's peace; no care to interfere with the ever-present realization of his bliss; the irksome reveille and muster now far away, and each hour all his own; and, better than all else, no prying eyes to keep a record of his comings and his goings. In camp there could never be such pleasant freedom from intrusion: companionship and contiguity, enforced similarity of life, and very often the lack of other subjects than each other's purposes—all these too readily there led to undue intimacy and mutual knowledge. The letters from home which must sometimes perforce be discussed with others, lest the lonely heart should wilt away beneath its own seclusion; the photograph lying around to be looked at and discussed by even casual acquaintances; the confidences given into the ears of some who might have been strangers only a month ago, and imparted thus almost as of necessity, to the end that if death came unawares there might perchance be some one to carry these sacred confidences homeward, whither they belonged—all these were influences unfriendly to the heart's retirement. But in this quiet little village—so Allen reasoned, as for a few moments he lay still and gazed out upon the

tranquil bay, and across the narrow strip of sand, and at the gently rolling ocean beyond—in this quiet little village, where each person had his own engrossing avocations, there could be no annoyances of aggressive interference. Two years had passed away since he had been openly among these people; doubtless they had long forgotten him; even though any of them should chance to recognize him, their interest in his actions, and even their recollection of his past purposes, must necessarily be faint; he could remain at peace among them for the few days to come, free and unregarded to wander hither and thither unmolested, at his own sweet will.

The sky was unclouded, and the air was warm and balmy. Early as was the season, a succession of warm winds had dissipated the few last lingerings of the winter atmosphere, and the duties and pleasures of the approaching summer were being prepared for. There was everything to tempt a loiterer out of doors; no reason why any but a bedridden invalid should remain secluded; and so, his comfortable breakfast over, the Colonel started out. In his impatience, he would have been glad once more to stroll up to Stella's house, and pass the morning hours with her; but that was not as yet to be seriously contemplated. He must abide his time until evening again, and meanwhile loiter away the long intervening hours as contentedly as possible, in a survey of the village and its old associations.

At the door of the tavern stood the little rockaway stage, preparing to set out for the railway station; and as its departure was always one of the great events of the day, of course a little crowd had collected to witness it. There was Cobweb twirling his mustache and making ready to take off his hat to the departing passengers with studied grace; Crusty standing by impassively, trying to pick his teeth with a fragment of oyster-shell, and taking not the slightest notice of anybody; an interested hostler or two; a group of boys; a few women repeating numberless farewells to an acquaintance inside, as though, instead of a trip up to town for a few hours' shopping, with return in the even-

ing, she was starting to go around the world; the minister and a couple of his deacons giving a few parting directions about the ordering of a gilt pineapple for the canopy over the pulpit;—these were the principal elements of the outside spectators. Inside the vehicle were the New York merchants who went up and down each day; the shopping lady; the deacon who had charge of the pineapple matter; and three little boys starting off to boarding-school, who, filling up the window with their cluster of small, round, closely clipped heads, maintained a transport of excitement at their departure, giving vent to a shrill cheer as the stage drove off, and delightedly leaning far out to watch the last of everything before they turned down the angle of the road.

This excitement over, the Colonel slowly loitered down the street, and in a few moments came to the village barber-shop. The barber stood at the door, his razor-hone in hand, having just stepped out, after the invariable custom of all the rest of the village, to watch the stage pass by. He looked not a day older than two years ago, nor in any respect different: having the same one dry and one watery eye; the same ugly mustache, which did not seem to yield its stiffness to his own emollient cosmetics; and the same short, bristly hair standing straight up in the air, in defiance of the tender persuasions of his own pomade. Inside the shop, also, there was no apparent change, the horsehair chair-cover being worn open in front with the same-sized split, and in the corner behind the table the same single private cup in a rack intended for twenty-four. It was the private cup of that dandy Cobweb, and was always used before putting on the stiff collar, if he had time to do so. Now that the Colonel's furlough had opened so auspiciously for him, and there was such a pleasant looking forward to social amenities, it occurred to him that it would be well to make preparations for a better intercourse with the civilized world; and rubbing his hands across his thick beard, he entered the shop.

"Hair cut?" inquired the barber.

"Shaved," said the Colonel, seating him-

self; and for the moment the barber's countenance fell. With him, shaving was a mere mechanical trade; but hair-cutting was a graceful art, and one in which he flattered himself he had attained great proficiency, if not absolute distinction. He had cherished this idea for several years, ever since one fine morning when a city resident had allowed him to cut his hair. This, of itself, had been a great glory; but better was to come. It had chanced that, six months after, the same gentleman, being again in that part of the country, had once more submitted to the same operation, and had complimented him upon the success with which the task had been accomplished. This had fairly turned the little old man's head, and he had never ceased telling the story of his triumph, unconsciously adding to it year by year, until the original foundation was buried beneath a mass of new creation.

"Ah, sir! sorry I cannot also cut your hair. A spe—speciality of mine, sir. Gentleman from New York—lived in Fifth avenue—came to me to have his hair cut, five years ago. So well pleased, that until last fall he came back every little while to have me cut it for him, rather than have it done there. What do you think of that, sir? Recommended me to all his city friends, too."

"And do they also come?"

"Why, no, sir; can't say that they do. Dreadful engrossing place, that New York. Suppose they are so much taken up with money-making that they have no time for art. Shall I leave a little whisker, sir, at the side?"

"No, let it all come off. And about this place: is it growing much?"

"Well, sir, not much to speak of. Keeps about the same, in fact. Better for it, perhaps; for it might spoil it to grow large, and get like New York. Dreadful place, that, for corruption and villainy. Ever been in Windward before, sir? Must walk around and look at us a little. May want to purchase here, perhaps. Two or three nice places for sale, I'm told. Don't forget to go to the lighthouse. A revolving light, sir—put in only last winter. Must go to the

top and take a view. Can see all around from there. Not as high, possibly, as the Leeward light; but higher than the light at Midships, with eighty more inhabitants. If we elect our candidate to Congress next term, he says he will get our light built up higher than the Leeward light. Now, sir, that we've got all that hair clipped off, we'll commence to shave it close. Makes you look different—somewhat younger, too. And seems to me as though I had— Why bless my stars! If it isn't Colonel Grayling, after all! Why, Colonel Grayling, how do you do?"

"Pretty well; that is, as usual."

Then there was a pause in the conversation, during which the little barber worked away with his razor, in silence. It could be seen, however, from the weary rolling of his eye, that his brain was fermenting with a new idea; and, as he finally lifted off the towel, the matter came out.

"There, Colonel, that's all right now. Do you know, we all thought you was dead?"

"I have been told so."

"Not shot, you know, but died in prison. And she—she took on very badly about it, though quiet-like, too; so that us outsiders didn't hear so much of her doings as perhaps we ought."

"I don't understand you," remarked the Colonel, stiffly; but stiffness of manner had but little effect upon the barber, and was not at all efficient in putting him down.

"Not understand, Colonel? Now you don't mean to say it to me, who have knowed you so long, do you? Well, well, I won't say no more about it, now. But see here: you know everything's clear for you now, don't you? Perhaps you have been down there already."

Turning away, though with a strong disposition to remain and give castigation to the tormentor, the Colonel made hasty steps down the street, caring little for the moment whither he went, his only object being to escape from vulgar scrutiny and gossip. Why was it, he thought, that, from the Arabian Nights down, barbers had always been just such an inquisitive, prying race? How was

it that even in little, quiet, unexcitable Windward, the people were not aroused to cast out from among them such a fell spirit of disturbance? Surely, nowhere else—

Wondering thus to himself, in broken train of thought, he came to the border of a little railed-in green. Close to the railing on one side was a rude wooden bench, and directly in front a large double-house. This was the parsonage, the present residence of the village minister—a preacher of great celebrity in the place, and credited with some literary pretensions. At the instant, the house wore a forlorn, deserted look; the blinds seeming all closed, with the exception of the parlor windows, which were veiled in blue paper shades. But the house was very far from being untenanted; for at that very moment it held one of the customary semi-weekly meetings of the Dorcas Society, assembled to make haversacks for the Windward volunteers; and of course the Colonel was soon observed by one of the number, who quickly called the rest to assist her. Therefore it happened that, after a few moments, Grayling heard a slight noise, and felt stealing over him that consciousness of being watched which, by some subtle instinct, often reveals to us the fact that we are not alone; and turning partially around, he saw that the blue paper shades had been gently raised. More than that, the sash had been drawn up; and more yet, there was a collection of heads there gathered, some shyly bobbing in and out of view, with nervous apprehension of being detected, and one or two, entirely case-hardened in such matters, keeping their position with cool, unblushing stolidity. At the rear of all could be seen the blue spectacles of the minister himself, who, alone of all men, was allowed to enter that mystic circle, being by virtue of his parochial office the president thereof, and the society reader; in pursuance of which duty, he had selected for their consideration a ponderous review, through which, though sorely beset with interruptions, he had been steadily working his way all winter and spring, at the rate of about five pages or so each meeting. It was a rate of progress rather discouraging

to him; and he now stood at the window with the volume open in his hand, a little curious about the stranger, it might be; but, inasmuch as he had reached what to him was an interesting portion of the review, feeling a little impatient for the others to finish their more eager outward survey, so that he might resume his reading. But those other and female members, feeling unsated with one glance, found it no more than natural that they should continue to gaze outside, and indulge their comments; and consequently they there remained: some floating to and fro at the side curtains, in idle paroxysms of curiosity; some standing motionless in the middle of the room, as the best vantage-ground for seeing, and yet not being seen; and one old lady stolidly seated in the very center of the window, a half-finished haversack in her hands, and her capacious front stuck so full of bright pins and needles, that, as the sunlight fell upon her, she seemed arrayed in a glittering coat of mail.

"Next to a barber," said the Colonel to himself, "I suppose there are no such curiosity-moved creatures in the world as women, when associated into a sewing-society."

Then, not desiring longer to serve for an object of discussion and speculation to such a numerous and critical assembly, he slowly arose and strolled away, with only partially successful attempt at an appearance of deliberate and unconcerned action, and bent now upon retiring at once to his room at the tavern without longer delay. For a few moments he escaped further trouble, and might have reached the tavern without meeting anybody. But it is ill, after all, to immure one's self in a close house, when there is so much pleasant sunshine abroad; and so, letting himself be tempted aside by the genial warmth and the balmy air, he once more turned away from the direction of the tavern, and strolling off to the main shore, took the route along the sand. This was not a very public promenade, and it might be that he would there be able to escape any further annoyance. But scarcely had he advanced many paces, before he ran plump against Squire Peters. This was the real, actual, proper

squire, of all the various complimentary squires of the place; he being the village justice, the duties of which post being light, he had plenty of time on his hands. He had already closed his business for the morning, having adjourned his only case, a conflict about the removal of boundary stakes between two neighboring oyster-beds; and had now loitered down to the bay to digest the weighty responsibility of making up his mind what he should do next, his thoughts being about equally divided between trolling after blue-fish and shooting sandpipers. To such a person, the arrival of a stranger is a prize indeed; and at once he hobbled forward.

"Stranger in town, sir? Saw you arrive yesterday by the stage. You will find Windward a very pleasant place to spend a few weeks in. Many interesting things to see. There is the lighthouse, and—and the coast-steamers passing—and—and the lighthouse-lantern, a fine piece of mechanism, sir—and—and— Why bless my soul, if it is not Colonel Grayling! Colonel, how do you do?"

"All right, Judge. And how are you?"

"Tolerable, Colonel. That is to say, as comfortable as may be, with the cares of office always upon me. Pretty harassing and complicated sometimes, as you may imagine. The trials of the judiciary, sir, are onerous at times, very onerous; so that perhaps the honors of the station scarcely compensate for its anxieties. And so you have been in the army, Colonel?"

"Yes, Judge."

"And on furlough now?"

"Yes; a slight wound in the arm, not sufficient to permanently injure me, but enough to entitle me to that relaxation."

"And very rightly, too. You ought certainly to be indulged; for what do we not owe to you brave fellows? If it were not for you, what might not be the situation? A Southern army in every State; Georgia and South Carolina Crackers quartered upon us; our best oyster-beds despoiled; our criminal calendar filled with troublesome complaints in trespass, and—"

"Perhaps no calendar at all, Judge, or

any justice of the peace either, inasmuch as martial law would probably—"

"Bless my soul! you don't say so! It might be, indeed; and I never thought of it before! Why, then, we owe more to you than I had supposed. For, abolish the judiciary, and what is the country worth? Well, Colonel, and so you've concluded to come back at last. Been a long time making up your mind, too, it seems to me. But now that you're come, why, we'll pass over that. Aha, Colonel! A sly dog—a sly dog, very!"

"I do not know, Judge, whether I exactly understand—"

"No? Yes, you do, Colonel—yes, you do. Do you know, when it was first talked about—the wedding, I mean—every one in town seemed to think of you, and of what a pity it all was. And then when the second thing happened—the other matter, you will remember—then every one thought of you again, and how that here was another chance for you. And now you have come back to take it. Aha, Colonel! sly is the word!"

As perhaps in duty bound, Grayling consented to echo the other's laugh; and then, after a few kindred remarks, commenced making his escape, with some difficulty; for one can hardly break away from the chief potentate of a village as undecorously as from its barber; but he finally succeeded, and without giving offense. Then pursuing his walk, he found for awhile no further annoyances; and at length, congratulating himself upon the improved aspect of affairs, sat down to contemplate the bay.

The place was a rude bench, at the end of the wharf. There was no one near; and the Colonel, leaning his back against a short spile, gave himself up to somewhat wrathful reflection. Was it not a misfortune, that somehow he could go nowhere about the village without being thus recognized, and having his errand back thus shrewdly guessed at?—nowhere but in his own room, and at the end of the wharf, with water almost all around him? What, indeed, could he do to avoid further annoyance? Were the scene cast in a city, he might come and go, and no

one ever be the wiser; but these little country villages, where the advent of every stranger is an event—truly, they must ever have the barber as their vehicle for news. He might go away each day, it might be, returning in the evening, and thus toilsomely manage to escape a portion of that inquisitorial scrutiny; but that procedure, after all, would only tend to give a mysterious aspect to the affair, and so, in the end, further complicate it. At least, he could spend his days between his own room and the end of the wharf, where, far from impertinent intrusion, he could—

At that moment a loud laugh saluted his ears—the broad, harsh, rollicksome laugh of a negro, enjoying something very much. Turning his head, Grayling saw a small boat anchored about fifty feet off. In it were two men, dredging for clams: one of them a white man, rendered unrecognizable by dirt and a slouched sou'wester; the other a negro. The white man had nodded significantly towards the Colonel, and then pointed off in the direction of the rear of the town, and had evidently uttered some jest illustrative of the motion—a very pleasant jest, probably; for it was that which had set his companion off into hilarious outburst; and for a while he seemed unable to get over it, bending down his head and laughing against the back of his hand, after the manner of convulsed negroes. The Colonel started up, feeling that even there he stood detected; and following a cross-path at random, he suddenly found himself at the foot of the lighthouse. There he arrested himself, as at the door of an old friend. He remembered how, in past years, Stella and he had one day written their names at the turn of the lower tier of stones, and in his desultory endeavor to kill time, he thought he would like to see if the names were still visible. They were not to be found, however; for the lighthouse had many times since been fully whitewashed. But as he stood musing at its base, it chanced that the lighthouse-keeper came slowly limping out at the door.

The Colonel did not know the lighthouse-keeper; but with the present run of old ac-

quaintances turning up at every point, this seemed no reason why the keeper should not claim to know him. To avoid an interview with anybody whomsoever was now the main point, if he would escape annoyance. He therefore concluded to double around the lighthouse itself, as would a pursued fox. With that great rounded bulk between himself and the lighthouse-keeper, he might be safe. He remembered, that against the front of the lighthouse there had been in olden time, and doubtless still existed, a wooden bench. Here the Colonel had been accustomed to sit for the hour together, in the days long past, and no one had ever come near to interrupt him. He was out of sight himself, and the whole village lay behind, hidden by the great white shaft against which he leaned. But now, as he stole away in expectation of the olden obscurity, he found that the bench was already occupied.

CHAPTER V.

Two persons were sitting side by side upon the little bench, and, as it seemed to the Colonel, very close together. For a moment only, however; for as he appeared around the curve of the lighthouse, they moved quickly apart, and almost instantly one of them continued the movement into one of hurried flight. As she skimmed away, Grayling could only observe that she was light and graceful in figure; and from the contour of her head, and the partially betrayed swell of a well-rounded and fresh-complexioned face, he could uncertainly conjecture that she might be rather pretty. This impression was increased, possibly, by three or four long curls, which floated lightly in the breeze as she retired—curls of deep auburn and fine texture, and manifestly of natural production. All else of face and feature was concealed from sight by a broad straw flat, with long brown streamers. For a moment she thus skipped away, in laughing discomposure at the interruption; then partially checked her flight, as it seemed to occur to her that she

had done nothing to be ashamed of, and had as good right as any other person to be there; gradually changed her quick pace into a slow, strolling step, indicative of indifference and composure; and so, in an affectation of dignified reserve, calmly passed out of sight.

He whom she had left behind sat for a moment silent, inactive, and motionless. It was not in the nature of one of the male sex, perhaps, to be quick-witted enough for as instant flight; or possibly a nicer-balanced judgment had told him, as she should have known, that any appearance of flight at all was ridiculous and unnecessary. Making no movement to rejoin her, he remained upon his end of the bench, stolid and unyielding, with his legs outspread over the sand, and his eyes fastened upon his boots. They were not handsome boots, worthy of long contemplation, being of most clumsy workmanship; nor were his pantaloons and other articles of attire especially attractive. A hickory shirt, blue overalls, and a slouching sou'wester—these comprised the remainder of his costume. The whole effect, at the first, was as of uncaring poverty and sloth; but a closer inspection revealed the fact, that each article was comfortable and cleanly, and thereby gave an impression of a rough costume voluntarily assumed, by one who could do better, for the simple sake of convenience of movement and of picturesque effect. This idea certainly gained encouragement and cogency from the young fellow's face and expression; for when, at the next instant, he raised his head and threw back the flapping brim of his sou'wester, and gazed around at the intruder, he was seen to be smooth faced and fair complexioned, well featured and brightly intelligent in expression; having, withal, the appearance of one who would lose nothing in looks as he outgrew something of his boyish freshness, and developed at last into the inevitable ruggedness of a more mature manhood. Possibly his youthfulness was yet more apparent in contrast with the Colonel, who, though only a year or two older, had become browned and darkened with exposure, into the appearance of a

maturity beyond his actual age; and now, with that heavy mustache falling over his mouth, and hiding half the lower portion of his face, seemed to outrank the other in years by a full lustrium.

The two young men gazed inquiringly at each other for an instant, then their scrutiny grew all at once into full recognition, and their hands were outstretched in greeting.

"Ha! Colonel, is it you?" said the one.

"And can it be you, Sergeant Kit?" cried the other.

Then, as the Sergeant arose and stepped forward, their hands met: with something of shyness in the manner of it, as though mutually fearing to be surprised into a too impulsive display of feeling; dropping each other's hands, indeed, after the slightest and most momentary pressure. They had bivouacked in the same camp for months together, in the days not long passed; within each other's sight and hearing had endured all the perils to which warfare is incident; had chanced more than once to save each other's lives. When last they had been together, the Colonel had seen the Sergeant go down with three whole platoons of men beneath a raking fire of musketry, to lie helpless upon the field for hours, while troops of horse pounded over him, and the flying artillery swept through the ranks of the wounded and dead. It seemed as though no one could have survived those dangers. Not dead, but grievously wounded, the Sergeant had painfully propped himself against a broken gun-carriage, and thence watched the Colonel go yet deeper into the fight, and watched how the way seemed to lead into the very jaws of death, and how he had been plucked from out of those jaws only by the fell swoop of a whole division of the enemy, making him and all of his their prisoners. It must then have seemed impossible that they could ever have met again in this world. And yet, now that they had met, this was all their greeting. But it was enough for their purpose, and spoke as loudly in behalf of their mutual trust and affection, as though they had rushed impulsively into each other's arms with enthusiastic rapture. Each saw

in the eyes of the other that silent gladness which no shamefacedness could repress; felt in even that slight pressure of the fingers the electric pulsation of true-hearted sincerity. Then, loosening their grasp, they sat down side by side upon the little bench, and for a moment silently observed each other.

Even as there they now sat at ease, there was noticeably a difference in their bearing, corresponding somewhat to the apparent diversity of their years. The Colonel, more recently habituated to command, and retaining in his costume some suggestions of the camp, though nothing approximating to what might be called a uniform, struck one as every inch a soldier. On the other hand, the Sergeant from head to foot seemed to have abandoned all relics of army life. Where, indeed, could any such relics be detected in that slouched sou'wester, that hickory shirt, and those blue cotton pants tucked into the tops of the unshapely boots? But alas! there was still remaining one indication of the old army life, and its perils and fatalities, in the loose sleeve which was folded lifeless and empty against the heart.

"Well, Kit?"

"The same to you, Grayling?"

Such the mutual interrogatories, after a moment's pause; each naturally now recurring to the past, and in this simple manner demanding some account of it. Another pause for an instant, during which they looked inquiringly into each other's countenances; the Colonel mournfully dropping his eyes toward the empty sleeve, and then letting his gaze return and rest more fixedly upon the pleasant face above, as though fearful of giving offense even in that one wondering, downward glance.

"You, at least, are all right, Colonel. A little thinner than when I saw you last; though, upon the whole, I do not know about that, either. Camp life does not fatten up a fellow, does it? Not to speak of your added experiences behind the palisades of Andersonville. Do you recollect that day when we were routed? A day for both of us to remember, was it not? How much has happened since then, indeed! To you the pris-

on, in which, by the way, it was reported that you had died. And to me—"

"See here, Kit," interrupted the other.

"What are you doing in this place?"

"What am I doing here, Colonel? Why, fishing and boating and all that, to be sure."

"But tell me: this is no time of the year for such things; and my mind misgives me about you, Kit. Much as you may love the sea, and all things connected with it, I have never before known you to venture down upon it at this season. No one comes here now. And in that rig, too. Look here, Kit," and in his excitement Grayling spoke imperiously, almost fiercely; "you have not run away from the world—the world that you love and that loves you—for—for this?"

"For what, Colonel?"

"For this, indeed," gently, almost reverentially, as it were, touching the empty sleeve of the other, and then, with something of the olden shamefaced manner, drawing his hand away again, as though the motion must somehow have hurt his companion. "Don't I know, Kit Archer, how fond you have always been of everything relating to the outer world? Even in the camp, was not your constant thought about the pleasant friends you hoped some day to see again—about this or that girl you had left behind you? Don't I see, too, that you are well and strong again—that you have recovered, as far as—as ever you can? Good Heavens, Kit! don't tell me that your misfortune has driven you from the world; that you are becoming misanthropical, and are encouraging a feeling of shame about what every one knows is your honor?"

"An honor not exactly to be desired, though—eh, Colonel? A thing to be talked about philosophically and pleasantly, when it concerns another person; but rather hard to be obliged to realize in one's self. A good deal of sweet sympathy at the first, indeed, and many pretty compliments about gallantry and devotion to the State, and the reward of a grateful country. I found it so, when first I crawled out; and sometimes almost felt that it was a good thing to have an arm shot off, everybody seemed to be so fond of me

for it. But then, to be forgotten almost, at times, and shoved aside by more able men, who had stayed at home to do the dancing for me while I was South, and finding them still doing it now that I was back again; and to find myself wishing that I had my arm still sticking to my side, every time I stood on the edge of the crowd, and saw another fellow flashing past, with his load of silk or satin, enjoying the waltz, as though I had never lived at all—that is about the real worth of the honor, is it not?"

"And yet—Kit—"

"There, there, Colonel. Don't look so terribly concerned, old fellow. I am not so very miserable about it, after all. I knew full well that I went into the affair taking the risks; and it may be a fair compromise, after all, for not having been knocked on the head, as has been the fate of many a better man. The world has not lost all its charms for me, or entirely driven me off; and there is many a way in which I can still enjoy it, if everything should only go well in the end."

"And what do you mean, Kit, by everything going well in the end? And why should not everything go well in the end?"

"It is the fact, I suppose, that all things do not always come out well—eh, Colonel? What I would say is, that the world has not quite wearied me yet, and that I would like to return to it some day, with all my old zest. And doubtless after a while I might not feel so sensitive about my—my honorable misfortune, as you would term it. It is, after all, a very prosaic matter—merely the alternative of pecuniary ruin, or not. I will tell you, Colonel, inasmuch as there is nothing I would wish to keep from you. I have not told any other person, or talked about it elsewhere, at all. It is a matter to keep secret about, if possible. Certainly no one in this place knows anything about it. But I rather suspect that there is little doubt I am ruined. You know that I supposed I was pretty well off; and as the property has come down from so far off, it seemed reasonable to believe that I could keep it. But it turns out that there is a suspicion of some defect in the title, somewhere; I don't pretend to know

much about the law of the case, only that if the defect is not remedied the property will all switch off from me in another direction, for a suit has been begun against me."

"Which of course you resist, Kit?"

"Of course. Have put the matter into the hands of Uncle Proctor, of the law firm of Proctor, Padd & Durlington. Do you know him? They still call him Judge, though it is many years since he has been on the bench. Perhaps the shrewdest criminal lawyer in the State, Colonel. Can look a man right through; dissect his heart with all the skill of an anatomist; put together all his impulses and designs; pick out the story of the man's life in detail, if there is any story at all in him;—make him, in fact, tell his own story, and in half the time and twice the correctness that the rack and thumb-screw would occupy in doing the same thing. Could tell you some very surprising stories about Uncle Proctor. I remember once going down into the country with him to see some land he thought of purchasing. We saw the land, and Uncle Proctor thought well of it, and that it was fully worth the price asked for it. And I thought that the owner was one of the nicest spoken men I had ever met with. But Uncle Proctor no sooner put his eyes upon the man than he read him like a book: knew that he was lying about the title, charged him with it, and, like a devastating conscience, screwed the damning fact right out of him; then refused to have any more to do with the matter, and posted back to town. Well, that's the kind of man Uncle Proctor is. But what, after all, can he do, Colonel? For it is not a thing depending upon legal acuteness. It is a plain matter of law, I suppose."

"Yes: of curing the defect you speak of. And that?"

"Why, bless your soul! how should I be able to tell you anything about that? Don't you see that Uncle Proctor would never be so foolish as to let me know what it is? For I should be sure to talk about it, and then the other side would hear of it and make the most of it; not having found out before, perhaps, how very weak we are. It may be a

deed too much or too little; or a witness who is dead, and so cannot be used; or is not dead, and so can tell too much; or a false survey of too many acres, or too few; or, in fact, a hundred other things, any one of which might ruin me. No, no; trust Uncle Proctor for that. When he wants me to know anything, he will be sure to tell me; and when he thinks I am not to be trusted, he will keep it from me."

"Well, well, Kit; it is certainly a good thing to have discreet counsel," rejoined the Colonel, with a laugh. "For myself, I suppose I would wish to know a little more about the merits of my own defense. But of course tastes differ about that. Still, Kit, apart from all that, you have not yet explained—"

"How it is I came here, in this old tarpaulin and hickory shirt, you will say? Well, this it is: Last month I went to consult Uncle Proctor, and found him just setting off for this place, to examine another piece of land, I believe. That I might not delay him, and having nothing to do myself, I came along with him, talking over matters on the way. Reaching here, he went off for an hour or so to look at the land, and I strolled down to the wharf and along the shore. And there, as it happened, I met old Ben Brattles, the keeper of this light. He knew me when I was little more than a boy; I was in the shipping-office of Multon & Forsdyker at the time. I was assistant invoice-clerk; and one day I saw Ben coming in with a message from the Captain. We had a great many sailor-like men coming in at odd hours, every day; but I thought then, as I still think, that Ben Brattles was the most sailor-like man I had ever seen. His tarpaulin had a look as though it had floated at sea a few years before being picked up; he carried a spyglass under his arm, as I would a cane; and he stowed away the tobacco in his mouth as though he were filling the chinks in a cargo. I had some little conversation with him, over one of the invoices; and I remember how coolly he spoke of going to China, as though it was merely stepping across the street; and how, on the

other hand, being obliged to run up to Broadway, where I think he said he had never been, he asked the direction, and jotted down in his mind the bearings, and seemed to study them out as anxiously as I would take the courses across Africa. You see what a queer and unreasonable thing custom is, Colonel. It set me wondering a little, and on that account, it may be, I remembered Ben a longer time than otherwise I might have."

"And naturally, Kit, I am sure."

"Well, Colonel, the time went on, and I continued making out and copying invoices; and it seemed as though I had only disposed of a dozen or so, when Ben came into the office again, and I found out that midwhile he had been round the world. Time flies so rapidly, you see, when events are few. And from that time, each year or so, he disappeared and reappeared, and every recurring disappearance credited him with a new line drawn about the world. Every time, too, he came in to see me as an old friend; and in pencil marked off his last route upon a globe of the world which stood beside my desk. I remember that, as the lines increased in number, sometimes running parallel, sometimes interlacing, and sometimes crossing, I began to gain a queer sort of idea that old Ben had somehow tied up the world, just as we will wrap a string five or six times about a bundle, and that if you cut the string it would fly apart; and there are moments when the impression hangs around me even yet."

"I can readily imagine it, Kit."

"Well, after that I lost sight of Ben. It became evident that he had quit tying strings around the globe. But I felt that we would meet again—rather illogically, perhaps; but it really seemed as though a man who had come back to me so many times from China could not be altogether lost. And so, of course, it has proved; for I had not been in this village an hour before I ran against him. No longer a sailor; but resting from his labors in the quiet of the lighthouse, even as a soldier will be relieved from active service upon the plains, and rewarded with the ease and security of a recruiting-station. Far better, I imagine, than tossing about on the

Indian seas. At least, I find it pleasant, though of course I have none of the hard work to do, being merely a guest. So you see now, Colonel, how it has come about. Ben recognizing me at once, there came across me the flavor of old times, and the disposition to rough it a little again; and I did not return to the city with Uncle Proctor. I stayed behind, and am boarding with Ben for a few weeks. The life suits me; and in this retirement I can keep out of the way of sympathies which, however gratifying at first, began to pall upon me. I can live here more cheaply than in the city, which is quite an object; since, if the case goes against me, I shall be brought heavily in debt for past income. At times, I can almost forget my troubles, and when I remember them, take them lightly. Once a week I write to Uncle Proctor, after the manner of Pickwick, previous to his celebrated defense, 'Is all well?' And in like manner, he writes back, 'As well as can be expected.' I wear these old toggeries, and no one knows who I am, or that I am not the most disreputable and shiftless clam-digger on the coast. I sit up with Ben every night, and let him tell me stories about the high seas until I fall asleep. In the morning, I sit and read, and once in a while I go out after crabs, with Crusty. I have selected Crusty for my only outside friend, you see. He looks so rough and unpolished, that, as soon as I put on my sailor-clothes, my heart began to warm towards him. I rose towards him with internal acclamations. I purchased his friendship at the first with a brier-wood pipe; and have kept him constant to me ever since, by the exercise of my magnetic fascinations. So here I am. And, after all, it may not be time thrown away. I not only like the life, but am learning a trade. If the suit goes against me, who knows but that the best thing I can do will be to get charge of a lighthouse myself? What say you, Colonel?"

"Not as bad as that, I hope," responded the other, in the same bantering spirit. "We will yet return you an ornament to society."

"It would certainly have my assent, if it could be done," was the response. "Well,

Colonel, turn about is fair play, we are told. How is it that you are in this place, yourself?"

CHAPTER VI.

Silence for a moment, during which the Colonel sat in a puzzled and not entirely pleasing state of reflection. If that question had been put to him at any other time or place, it would have seemed to him a natural and proper one to be answered. Now, however, coming as it did at the end of a long series of village inquisitiveness into his purposes and actions, it seemed at the instant to blend itself with them, and assert itself as merely one of those unpleasant impertinences. The barber and the hotel-mistress, the sewing society, the esquire, and the negro clam-digger—how little different in basis or form was their curiosity from this?

But in an instant the Colonel recovered from the unjust impression. Sergeant Kit Archer was his true friend, had always been so, and now had a friend's claim to express that curiosity which in such hands is earnest and warm-hearted solicitude. They had grown up together in boyhood, and there had been times when, in their devotion to each other, they had sought faithfully to interchange every thought and emotion. After awhile, of course, things had somewhat changed, as in the unavoidable cross-currents of life the two young men had drifted somewhat apart: Allan Grayling to college, according to the promptings of the natural bent of his mind; and Kit Archer to a counting-house, his more proper vocation. So they had passed somewhat out of each other's sphere, and months, which lengthened into years, had glided away without their meeting. Differences in character, too, had developed themselves, as life went on; so that, had they chanced to be more nearly thrown together, as in their early boyhood, it might well be that they would not have harmonized as once they had. To the one had grown up scholastic ambitions; to the other, a purposeless love of ease in life, a fondness for its pleas-

ures, rather than its exalted aims, a content to drift upon the tide, rather than to struggle to reach the haven of a distinguished position. From all of which had come the natural result, that Grayling, entering the army with a high and chivalrous resolve, had risen to command a regiment; while Archer, mingling his patriotism with less ambition than love of adventure and excitement, had joined as a private, in some wild spirit of reckless daring, and fighting his way upward merely to a sergeant's post, had there rested. But at heart, if ambitionless and somewhat uncultured, he was the same trustworthy, reliable friend as ever before, and as such, entitled to most abundant confidence.

Why not, indeed! and what should hinder the Colonel putting his confidence in some one? Naturally he was of a reserved and cautious tone of thought, reticent to a fault; but almost as naturally there would come, as there comes to almost every man, moments when the soul cries aloud for sympathy, and for that would gladly expose its inmost secrets, even to a stranger. There had been times when the Colonel, oppressed with the great secret of his life, would fain have poured it out to the first chance comer, as did the Ancient Mariner, scarcely indeed restraining himself. And now he recalled one particular morning, when, sitting alone in the door of his tent, he had felt that yearning for intimate companionship, and in the midst of it had seen the Sergeant pass by with a squad of men. How, at that moment, he had longed to call out to Kit, and bid him sit down beside him on the vacant camp-stool, that they might talk over the olden scenes, and interchange their confidences about matters that had since happened. But army etiquette had intervened to prevent; and so the Sergeant had passed gayly by, with the careless laugh in his heart, and had known nothing of the friendly longing that had followed him; and the Colonel had remained sad and lonely at the tent door. But here now was the Sergeant, divested of all enforced alienation from the heart that then had turned toward him; and why, therefore, should not that heart now speak out?

"I thought—I didn't know, for the moment, but that there might be a girl in the case," added the Sergeant.

The Colonel looked around with something of a quick, startled expression. He had imagined that Kit's first words had been dictated by mere innocent spirit of inquiry; in the last remark, however, there was a perceptible undertone of actual knowledge. Now Kit sat bending over, head down, while he drew a match across his heel, preparatory to lighting his brier-wood pipe. Seemingly grave and sedate enough, except that, when he had brought the kindled match up to the surface of the tobacco, and for a moment paused during that act of ignition, there was a quiet sly gleam of fun stealing from out the corner of his eye.

"I believe, Kit, that you are not altogether as ignorant of matters as you pretend to be," said the Colonel.

"Possibly—possibly, Colonel," responded the other, breaking out into a laugh; "I know a little—not much, perhaps; but something about the way the land lies. You saw her who was sitting here with me when you came up, and who, for no reason in the world, ran away at sight of you?"

"With the long curls, and the flat hat with brown streamers?"

"The same. Minnie Burton, daughter of old Burton, the surveyor, who lives over across the hill yonder. It need be no secret to you, Colonel, that, if everything succeeds with me, Minnie will some day be my wife. That is to say, if I get my property back, all safe and sound. If I lose it, I shall lose her as well; for I could not ask her to share my poverty. A one-armed man, not even sure of a lighthouse, would be no great catch for a pretty girl, would he? In fact, with those alternatives before me, I have said nothing to her about my feelings, preferring to await results. But I think we understand each other pretty well, and the general situation of things. I see her almost every day; and once in a while we take a morning walk upon the sand, she stopping at the end to rest for a few moments upon this bench, as was the case to-day."

"But what—"

"I am coming to that. Minnie is great friends with Miss Stella—your Stella, that is. They are very much together, and, as is the custom with girls, occasionally grow confidential. It is to be supposed that if Miss Stella had you much in her mind, now and then she would let a little of it slip out to her dearest friend; and if so, it must be no less natural that occasionally Minnie should inadvertently reveal something to me. Not everything, indeed, but here a little and there a little, disconnectedly and unintentionally, yet not preventing my putting together the chance scraps and making meaning out of them. And that, taken in connection with what the townfolks know or think they know, and talk about all the same—why, you see—"

"Exactly, Kit: I could scarcely fail to see it," responded the Colonel, with a freshening perception of his late interview with the barber and all the others. "Yes, doubtless you know even more than I could have given you the credit for. And it is as well, too; for upon that basis, I can speak more understandingly than if I had to begin from the start of all. So, through Minnie Burton, you know Stella?"

"By sight, that is all. Lives at the end of the village; the large house with the green veranda, and in front, the grove of locust-trees. Altogether one of the prettiest girls in the district. I think that I had observed her as such while coming to and fro from church, even before Minnie told me how intimate they were. The one, in fact—for of course you must know all about that matter—who was said to have been engaged to Lawyer Vanderlock."

"And who really was engaged to him for a short time, Kit. What misery might not have come out of it to me—to both Stella and myself—had it continued! Did you ever know him?"

"Yes—and no. I have seen him often—that is to say—and yet I cannot maintain that I ever knew him. A little singular, perhaps, for such a thing to happen, seeing that he was a second or third cousin of mine. There

was a great-aunt of mine who, three or four generations ago, married a Vanderlock, and lived in this part of the country. The two branches did not agree very well, somehow; and though at times there were business matters between them, yet there was little that could be called intimacy or friendship. The father of this man was not a bad fellow, I believe. Simply reserved—that is all; he died some thirty years ago. The son, no one liked. Was said to be tricky and hard, you know. Would go very far to take an advantage, and keep it too. Not a bad-looking fellow, either; and generally more popular with women than with men. Of course, I ought to be glad to stand up for him, seeing that I have been said to look like him. There were some of our family, indeed, who always maintained that in looks I was more of a Vanderlock than an Archer."

"I should scarcely think that, Kit. That he was so much older than yourself should, of itself, hinder a likeness. And being the man he was, I should hardly like to think that you—"

"Look, Colonel, and see for yourself, then."

With that, the Sergeant raised himself and threw off the old sou'wester, standing bare-headed. The mere absence of that battered piece of costume served at once to alter him, letting the not unintellectual shape of the head appear to advantage, and a certain pleasing composition of features stand disclosed in their own especial harmony, undisguised by extraneous accessory. Then he bent his face slightly toward one shoulder, with an air of reflection, a well-known attitude of the lawyer, threw his chin a little in advance, and awaited inspection.

"You see, Colonel? Something of the same cast of features, they all tell me, and I can detect it myself, at times. This trick of putting my head on one side, and thrusting out my chin—I put it on now, for the resemblance; but I have it all the same myself, often unconsciously. That is one thing that certainly has come down from some further generation. As to age, that of course will come in time, increasing the resemblance,

and a certain hardening of expression, too, I presume, as I grow older—more especially if I am unlucky in my lawsuit, and am obliged to make a desperate fight with the world."

"Yes, Kit; now I see it, I must confess. Let me own that, in some semi-obscurity, I could almost take you for Vanderlock himself, were he alive, so cunningly have certain family traits worked down in the two lines, and come out in your especial persons. As to the hardening of the expression, let us hope that it will never take place, beyond the necessity of portraying a strong character, properly and honestly able to take care of one's self. I should hate to think that in all things you were destined altogether to resemble one who— But let us say no more about that. He died; so let his faults and his merits sleep with him. They are equally of the past, and to be no longer considered."

"Died?" said the Sergeant, looking up with the same queer expression that Mrs. Crusty had shown the night before when the same word had been used. "Yes—yes, of course he died, Colonel—if you call it so. What am I thinking of?"

"Thinking of, Kit? Why, what a singular form of expression! Yes, certainly he died; or do you imagine that I would have come back here? Well, she was engaged to him for a little while. Yet I cannot reproach her for that. It was all my own fault; the sin of my obdurate silence. Let me tell you the story now, even as I have often wanted to speak of it during the old days of army life. Many and many a time, when off duty, I lay upon the ground, with my hands behind my head, gazing up at the moon, thinking how it was silvering the shrubbery at the old house; how it was gleaming upon the waves that beat along the shore, and sent their soft moan to her ears—then was when I wanted to speak to some one about it, and yet hesitated to do so. For, as I have said, nothing was then settled between us. I had found my ideal, and my heart had found its home. And yet I had feared to speak to any one about things that, after all, might never be realized."

Then again, silence for a moment, as the Colonel, so reticent by nature, once more paused, in doubt whether, after all, to speak. Leaning more heavily against the white side of the lighthouse, and gazing in front so fixedly, indeed, that the Sergeant found himself curiously following the direction of his comrade's eyes, under the impression that something startling might have intervened, and caused the interruption. But there was nothing: only the placid bay, the outer tongue of land, and the far distant horizon, upon which could be seen merely an indistinct speck or two of coasting vessels, and the circling of a flock of white-breasted gulls.

"We had been brought up almost together, Kit," the Colonel at length resumed, "for in her youth she had passed much of her time in city life. And though, as I grew up, naturally I was drawn into other scenes, and she returned more constantly to her country home; yet not many months ever elapsed at a time without my coming here to visit her. All that time—foolish insensate that I was—I did not speak to her about my love. It seemed foreordained that we were for each other; so much so, that every one spoke about it, and discussed the time of it, from our youth up. And it did not seem to me as though she would need an explanation, as long as so constantly I came back to her. I had no kith or kin here; and therefore, there being no material interest to me other than her in all the place, why should I come back at all, if not for her? But still I spoke not. There was some miserable feeling of reticence about me, telling me to wait until I had made my way better in the world; some childish and romantic point of honor, too, counseling me to leave her free until I could come to claim her in good earnest. As though she would not have been content to wait, and would not have waited all the more happily for a few spoken words! What right, Kit, has a man to keep silence under these circumstances, and trust to his being perfectly understood?"

"No right, I suppose, Colonel."

"Then when I went to the war, the same

foolishness continued with me. I thought that perhaps I might fall, and that therefore it was my duty to leave her still free to await the chances of my return. I should have known her better, Kit. I should have reflected that, if she were fated ever to mourn for me, it would be a comfort to her that my last words had been those of love for her; and that, during all the while of weary waiting, it might be a consolation to her if she had the right to hear directly from me, and to send directly to me in return. But, stupid and blind that I was, I went from her side with a sorry jest, and a careless shake of the hand; and for two years I neither saw her nor heard from her again."

"Grayling, old friend," cried the other, rising to his feet with sudden vehemence of gesture, "you deserved most richly to lose her, and, losing her, never to be happy in this world again."

"I deserved it, indeed, Kit; and, in the end, very nearly attained my deserving. Of that I should not complain, I suppose, but rather give thanks that the whole debt of punishment was not meted out to me. Well, Kit, there is little else to tell, and part of that you know already. How that I was taken prisoner, and was supposed to have died. Why should I blame any one besides myself for what then happened? I had given her no right to mourn for me at all; and still it seems that for many months she must have mourned in secret. And then, of course, the pressure upon her to form another tie; the constant argument and reasoning, not always, it may be, unsuitable or false, as the world goes; the wish of the only one who could influence her, that she should find protection at his death; the mind led to believe that, after all, I had never meant to act other than as a friend, and the heart perhaps nursing bitter feeling over my past coldness; the hand at last surrendered almost under compulsion, and with the avowal that the heart went not with it—it is the old tale, after all, often before this rehearsed, and doubtless to be acted to the end thousands of times again. It was my punishment—I cannot claim the right to resent it; and

now I must forget it all I can, in the great happiness that she has turned to me again."

"And is it all settled, then, Colonel?"

"Last evening I saw her, Kit. Need I say more?"

"Nay, no more," the other responded, with a laugh. "With your present new views about the unpolicy of delay, I presume that one interview now would be sufficient for the purpose. Take care, old fellow, that you are never again so foolish in throwing away your happiness. Now, of course, the king having come to his own again, there can remain only the pleasant task of guarding the recovered treasure. All being settled as it should be, you can rest in peace, with no one now, who would seek to injure you. Unless, perhaps—" and this with sudden animation, as of a new and unforeseen thought. "Colonel, if I were to warn you to beware of any man, I would say, beware of Doctor Gretchley."

"Of Doctor Gretchley, Kit? Pray what of him?"

"I do not know; and yet I do not like him. Nor do I trust him. Do you not know what they all say—that he has had his pretension himself in that quarter, of late? That he visits her daily, and is cunning of words and action, and bade fair to creep up from friendship into a warmer feeling? Do you not know that they say he did not fail in his daily visits long ago, even in the days of Lawyer Vanderlock? and that in the end he might have made trouble there?"

"But this is a different thing, surely. What could he do to me?"

"I do not know. I do not know of anything he could do. All I can say is, that somehow I mistrust him. Near every Desdemona there may be an Iago loitering and scheming, for what we know."

"Not now, Kit. For in the present case Othello has thrown off his stupid reticence, and will hereafter wisely speak from his heart, and all the thoughts of his heart. Therefore, let your Iago weave his toils as he may list. It is little I will care for them. And here, even as we speak, he comes. He is to me no expert villain of

melodrama; but merely one more villager to greet me, perhaps to overwhelm me with foolish village comments, as so many others

this morning have already done. I will arouse myself, since I must meet him, and have it over at once and for good."

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

MOTHERHOOD.

Far, far away, across a troubled sea,
My wistful eyes espy
The quiver of a little snowy sail,
Unfurled against the sky.

So faint, so far, so veiled in soft obscure
Its quiet shimmering,
Sometimes methinks no mortal thing it is,
But gleam of angel's wing.

And yet the currents of my life so set
Towards this vision fair,
I know, I know for me it pales and glows;
It will not fade in air.

With my own heart-throbs throbs the tiny sail,
My sighs its pennons move;
And hither steadfast points its magnet towards
The pole-star of my love.

What precious gifts do freight this mystic bark
There is no sign to show;
What frail, small mariner is there enshrined
No mortal yet may know.

I only know the soul divine moves there,
'Mid two eternities;
Before this secret of the Lord I bow
With veiled and reverent eyes.

And vainly does my restless love essay
To haste the coming sail;
Dear God! Not even to save from sunken reefs
Can love of mine avail.

Yet will I keep my vigil, and in peace,
Like Mary, "dwell apart";
Close to the mysteries of God art thou,
My brooding mother-heart.

Ah, heavenly sweet will be thy recompense,
 When, every fear at rest,
 The little bark all tranquilly shall lie
 Safe anchored on thy breast!

MARY H. FIELD.

DON CARLOS.—II.

At the end of the Seven Years' War in Spain, the *Communeros* and other secret societies took great credit to themselves for the defeat of the legitimate monarchy. The success of the revolutionary movement against the monarchical principle, south of the Pyrenees, and the disorganized condition of public affairs that followed, was, as I have already foreshadowed, the result of the same teachings which produced the French Revolution. In many parts of the continent of Europe the works of Voltaire and his followers were the study of the first half of the century. The members of the secret societies and clubs were enchanted with these writings. In imitation of the shame of French literature, men of rank and genius took delight in secretly insulting religion, government, and good morals. The pillar of Deism was Voltaire; the goddess of Liberty, a disreputable female. That which was really good and beautiful in life was distasteful to Voltaire. This Vitruvius of ruin could not build. He could only pull down. The Communists could only destroy, and the other secret associations of France, Spain, and Italy produced no better architects. Several of the governments of Europe, long before the close of the Seven Years' War, were obliged to endure the most violent social and political agitations. In 1848, the year of revolutions, some of the continental governments were overthrown. The Carbonari in Italy had advanced with a more defined purpose than any of the other corresponding societies, and it did not require the disorders of other countries to throw the peninsula of Italy into a state of violent convulsions. The smothered fires,

enkindled by the democratic concessions of Pius IX., the King of Naples, and Charles Albert, to the revolutionary passions of the masses, were ready to break out in a general conflagration, and the cause, *della unita et libertada Italiana*, became the watchword that was suddenly taken up by all classes in the state.

In the duchy of Modena, Don Juan de Bourbon and his young and beautiful wife had taken refuge from the violence of the revolution in France; but the beginning of March, 1848, found the Italian rising extending rapidly towards the Austrian frontier, and they were obliged once more to fly from the violence of the approaching storm. The royal party, with but few attendants, traveled to all appearances with great haste in the direction of the Austrian capital. They arrived at the inn of a little hamlet in the mountains of the duchy of Styria on the night of the 30th day of March; and here the present Don Carlos, known by his adherents as Charles VII., was born.

The young prince received his early training under the strict discipline of the Austrian court. His *entourage* was exclusively Spanish, and his education was under the direction of a celebrated Spanish statesman and scholar. He manifested in early life a strong inclination for the military art; and in 1866, on his return to Vienna, after a prolonged absence, took service in the Austrian army.

Don Carlos was married on the 4th of February, 1867, to the Princess Marguerite de Bourbon, whose mother was the Duchess of Parma, and sister of the Comte de Chambord, Henry V. of France. The

Princess Marguerite is a blond, tall in stature, and possesses a noble and majestic but graceful bearing. Her hair grows luxuriously, and in color borders on the golden, contrasting beautifully with the lustre of her deep blue eyes. She has a resolute expression of countenance, indicative of that moral courage for which her family are distinguished, and which the Princess herself displayed at the beginning of the Carlist rising of 1869, when she declared to her husband that, if it was his duty to place himself at the head of his forces in Spain, it was hers to be at his side. The rising of 1869, however, was of short duration. The country was unprepared for it by reason of the undue haste with which it was inaugurated; and after marching and countermarching in the mountains of the north and east of Spain for seven or eight weeks, the Carlist forces were disbanded, to await a better organization and a more favorable opportunity.

I first met Don Carlos at the close of the autumn season of 1870, in the Allée de Longchamp, Bois de Boulogne, and afterwards frequently at his charming little palace in the Quartier St. Germain, Paris. General Tristani, son of the celebrated Spanish general, remarked to me one morning, as Don Carlos mounted his fine Andalusian charger:

"Behold the handsomest man in Europe!"

In height, Don Carlos is six feet and two inches. He has a pleasing face, and a figure erect and manly. An expression of thoughtfulness is visibly impressed upon his calm and agreeable countenance. He has a frank but dignified manner in public, which is attractive to all who come in contact with him; and which is particularly pleasing to the Spaniards, who judge more critically, perhaps, than any other race, from the appearance of the man. Their devotion to Don Carlos is good evidence of his worthiness; for the strongest element in the Spanish character is to love or hate on sure grounds.

Don Carlos always manifested great interest in the political questions of the day, and never hesitated to place himself plainly upon

the record. He favors a liberal constitutional monarchy, with the Cortes freely elected by the people. In transmitting to the different courts of Europe notice of the act of abdication of his father, Don Carlos accompanied it with the following declaration:

"If, by the help of God and circumstances, I shall be placed upon the throne of Spain, I will endeavor to conciliate loyally the useful institutions of our epoch with the indispensable institutions of the past, leaving to the general Cortes, freely elected, the great and difficult mission of securing to my beloved country a constitution which I hope will be both Spanish and permanent."

In the beginning of the year 1872, Don Carlos held a council of his chief military officers at Geneva, and plans were agreed upon for the commencement and prosecution of a vigorous war for the recovery of the Spanish crown against King Amadeo, who was then on the throne. On the 14th of April, Don Carlos entered Spain; and, surrounded by his officers, planted the historic standard of *Deos, Pátria y Rey* upon the soil of the old kingdom of Navarre. And then the Four Years' War, destined to record some of the most sanguinary conflicts of the age, was inaugurated. Mountain guides traveled, as the crow flies, in all directions to notify the Carlist officers to assemble their bands, and to inform the people that the rising had commenced. In a short time the inhabitants of nearly a dozen provinces were in rebellion; and the forces of Don Carlos swelled to such unexpected proportions that not more than one-seventh of those who desired to join the ranks could be supplied with arms. In the four provinces of Catalonia, the rising was less rapid, but of a more permanent character. Upon these provinces Don Carlos subsequently depended for several months, to maintain the war, after his defeat in the north, and before he could reorganize his forces for a new campaign. The battle of Oroquieta was fought by Don Carlos before his men were in proper condition to engage the regular forces of the enemy; and, as a consequence, he met with a most disastrous defeat. The Carlist loss in this engagement was nearly ten thousand

men *hors de combat*, and the entire force was soon thereafter dispersed. Don Carlos, accompanied by a small escort, fled into France.

The new campaign in the Basque provinces was not entered upon until the 7th day of February, 1873. Within two months from that time, the Carlist forces, according to the returns received by the adjutant-general, numbered about forty-four thousand well-armed soldiers. The Carlist army had been reorganized with rapidity and success, and the war had already passed through its two first phases: that of regular bands leaving the heights of mountains only to operate by surprise; and that of more numerous bodies attacking the detachments and feeble columns of the enemy, but withdrawing before his principal columns. The complete success of the Carlists at the battle of Eraul was an illustration of this fact.

When Don Carlos re-entered Navarre, he was enabled to place himself at the head of a fairly organized force of about ten thousand men. He almost immediately marched upon the important position of Estella. The Carlist successes of Allo and Dicastello, and the taking of Estella, enabled Don Carlos to force the enemy across the river Arga, and back upon the line of the Ebro. Don Carlos held a review at Estella at this time, of seven thousand infantry, two hundred and fifty cavalry, and six guns; and in the Basque provinces alone he had not less than twenty-three thousand well-armed soldiers.

The great victories of Don Carlos at Mañeru, Monte Jura, and Somorrostro, where the flower of the Republican army was commanded by the greatest generals of the Republic, plainly showed that in training, discipline, and every soldierly quality, the troops of Don Carlos were quite equal to those of the enemy. The raising of the siege of Bilbao by the Carlists was a masterly movement. The enemy had gathered together all their available forces. They did not dare to attack the Carlist lines in front, though they extended over a distance of forty miles, but marched around the left flank, and forced their way into the rear of the

Carlist lines. Although the Carlist position near Bilbao was under a triple line of fire from the enemy's artillery, Don Carlos changed the front of his army, directly in the face of the enemy, without loss either in guns, prisoners, or stores.

The four provinces of Catalonia were then under the dominion of Don Carlos, the enemy not being able to cope with the Carlists in the open country. The defeat and capture of the columns of Cabrinetti and Nouvilas, the taking of Vich and Manresa, and other successes of the Carlists, forced the generals of the Madrid government to shut themselves up in the few strong places which they still held. In Aragon and Valencia, and a part of New Castile, the Carlists occupied the largest portion of the country, and extended their lines to within two days' march of Madrid. In this part of Spain the Carlist forces numbered 37,000 armed soldiers, organized into formidable divisions, under the direction of Dorregaray and Lizarraga. A considerable portion of the Asturias and Galicia was also overrun by Carlist bands; and the number of the Carlist forces south of the river Ebro was not less than 30,000 men. The total strength of the Carlist army on the 30th of June, 1874, was 103,000 infantry, 5,500 cavalry, and 337 guns. The army was paid with regularity, and was not deficient in its commissary arrangements or supplies of munitions of war.

In the early part of 1874 there was a rebellion of several republican generals, who, under the leadership of Martinez Campos, issued a *pronunciamiento*, abolishing the Republic, and declaring Don Alfonso, cousin of Don Carlos, King of Spain. This proved to be a popular movement, and the republican officers everywhere hastened to give their adhesion to the newly established monarchy. The Alfonsists then concentrated all their disposable forces, with Don Alfonso in their midst, in front of the Carlist positions around Estella, with the view of taking that place; but the brilliant victory of Don Carlos at Lacar forced the Alfonsists back to their old lines upon the Ebro, and en-

abled the Carlists once more to assume ofensive operations.

Don Carlos had been, early in the war, proclaimed King of Spain in all of the provinces that had been occupied to a greater or less extent by his forces; and, in the advent of his cousin Alfonso, had already established his government in due form. The Northern and other railway lines had been opened through the Carlist country under a Carlist administration. Telegraph lines were reopened or established, postal communication restored, and taxes and other revenues were regularly assessed and collected. The entire custom duties on goods imported into Spain by way of the French frontier were obliged to pass through Carlist custom-houses. Schools and colleges were opened; a military academy established, and a judicial system adopted with courts for the trial of offenses. Under the military administration there were established five foundries for the manufacture of guns, rifles, and munitions, as well as factories for making cloth and uniforms. All the departments of the government were in good working order, and contained the elements of a good administration.

The belligerent rights of the army of Don Carlos were recognized, not only by the acts of several of the great powers, but by each of the heads of the five successive governments at Madrid.

Señor Pi y Margall, President of the Communal Republic, speaking in the Assembly upon the military situation, the 13th of June, 1873, said:

"We have a real civil war. * * * It is not one of those ordinary insurrections through which the Spanish nation has so often passed. It (the government of Don Carlos) has a real administrative organization, and collects taxes. You have presented to you one state in front of another. It is, in fact, today a great war." And on the 14th of July the Republican War Minister signed a convention with the Carlist Minister of War for the regular exchange of prisoners. Señor Salmeron, President of the Confederate Republic which followed the downfall of the Communal administration, addressing the

Cortes, said that the Carlists were real belligerents, and "not so disproportioned in numbers to the Republican troops as had been represented by one of the delegates."

A few months later a Centralized Republic was formed at Madrid, with Señor Castelar as its president and dictator. In his famous speech at Barcelona, he said that the Republic had on its hands a veritable civil war, in which the two belligerent parties were not unequally matched. General Serrano, who succeeded Castelar as Dictator, directed that all the rights and privileges of prisoners of war should be accorded to Carlist prisoners; and in all cases in point recognized the right of the Carlists to be treated as belligerents. The monarchy under Don Alfonso recognized the same rights.

The Alfonsist plan of campaign, which ultimately resulted in bringing the war to a close, was substantially the same as that which it had been attempted to carry out on two former occasions: once previous to the battle of Lacar, at the beginning of 1875, and again, in the September following. But this time the Madrid government had the advantage of overwhelming numbers, which, divided into four large armies, it was intended to throw simultaneously against points, remote from each other, in the two greatly extended Carlist lines, in the hope that the Carlists would be dealt with in detached bodies incapable of prolonged resistance.

Don Carlos soon discovered that his lines were much too long for him to resist successfully the attack of an enemy 200,000 strong, and therefore ordered the withdrawal of the line of Balmaseda to the chain of heights west of Durango, so that the Carlist right rested on Tornosa, while the left joined the right of the line of Villareal de Alava. This done, it was thought that the Carlists, acting on well-constructed interior lines, would be able to quickly reinforce any points which might be threatened on either side. The Carlists gained signal successes at Arratsain, Mendizorrotz, and Mañera; but the abandonment of the lines of Alava and Biscay, without any serious effort on the part of the Carl-

ist generals Carasa and Ugarte to resist the advance of Quesada and Loma, and especially the loss of Elgueta, forced the surrender of the line of the Deva, and opened to Quesada the road to Azpeitia. He was thus enabled to anticipate a junction with Moriones, who had been so crippled by his defeats in front of the Carlist positions in the province of Guipuzcoa, that a separate movement on his part was not considered probable. The Carlist lines broken at Elgueta were reformed at Mauria, between Tolosa and Azpeitia.

The interest of the campaign next centered in the movements of Martinez Campos, who, repulsed near Estella, had moved into Baztan Valley, upon the French frontier. His communications with Pampeluna, his base of operations, were seized by the Carlists. His army was destitute of both rations and munitions; and, although he was at the head of 25,000 men, he could neither advance nor retire, and had only the French frontier open to him. Previous to the opening of the campaign, the French government had pledged itself to a position of neutrality. This promise, and a recent heavy fall of snow in all the country surrounding the Baztan, caused the Carlists to feel in no haste to attack Martinez Campos. But the confidence of Don Carlos was misplaced, for no sooner did the snows upon the hillsides and in the valleys of the Baztan begin to melt away, than the French government forgot its promise, and permitted Martinez Campos to be supplied from France with both rations and munitions of war. And this changed the whole face of the campaign; for the defeat and probable capture of the army of Martinez Campos, which would otherwise have followed, would have freed the Navarrese battalions for the defense of Estella, and have permitted the employment of the troops from Aragon and Castile in the defense of the lines of Guipuzcoa, which, with the addition of these forces, could easily have been held against the combined attacks of Moriones, Quesada, and Loma.

From the moment that France relinquished her neutrality by supplying the Alfonsists

with contraband of war, the fate of the campaign and the Carlist army was virtually sealed. The defeats at Eschalar and Vera, the loss of the frontier, and the surrender at Monte Jurra, discouraged the Carlists; the withdrawal of the lines of Guipuzcoa, and the surrender of their strongholds, demoralized them. Insubordination prevailed in the ranks. Bribery, a most potent weapon in Spain, was practiced on a large scale. Extravagant promises were made to the principal officers of Don Carlos, while money was profusely scattered among the subordinates. Provisions were scarce; even bread and wine were obtained with difficulty. The Madrid government had banished into the Carlist provinces many thousands of families who sympathized with Don Carlos, or had friends in his army, and thus contributed largely to exhaust the resources of the Carlist country. The heroic character of the Carlist soldiers lost itself for the moment in the confusion that followed. It was the close of the struggle; the Four Years' War was at an end. Don Carlos had fought at the head of his battalions throughout the campaign, with a bold heart and faith unshaken, against repeated misfortunes; but circumstances compelled him to abandon the contest. He sheathed his sword and furled his standard, in the face of great numerical superiority, with honor and dignity to himself, and without prejudice to his rights.

The repeated bayonet charges of the Carlists in the last campaign of the war have no parallel in history. On the fatal day of Eschalar, the Carlists, fighting with but six battalions against 25,000 men, having exhausted their cartridges, charged thirteen times in succession with the bayonet. One of the sad events of the last days of the struggle was the assassination of General Egaña, an officer of the Seven Years' War, who encountered an insubordinate battalion on its way to Tolosa to make terms with the enemy. Alone he placed himself in its way, and demanded its return to duty. The rebellious officers attempted to force him to accompany them.

"Rather than do that," said he, "I will die here"; and he was bayoneted on the spot.

Don Carlos exhibited many good qualities of statesmanship; but his lack of policy, in adhering to the theories which caused the Comte de Chambord to reject the French crown, made him turn away when the crown of Spain was laid at his feet.

It may be a beautiful spectacle to behold the struggle of a brave man's genius in conflict with powerful opposing elements, and to observe how a bold resolution and determined will can overcome obstacles which appear at first insurmountable; but less attractive is it when the difficulties are overcome, to see the favors of fortune thrown away, and a success rendered almost hopeless, which seemed otherwise sure and inevitable, by adherence to a principle more worthy the days of the Cid than a place in the history of the nineteenth century. Don Carlos twice rejected the Spanish crown. After the revolution of 1868, and the abdication of Don Juan, General Prim, the chief of the revolutionary party, and head of the nation, satisfied that he could not successfully establish a republic out of the materials in hand, and not unmindful of the superior strength of the Carlist party, offered the crown, first of all, to Don Carlos. The document which the delegates Cascajares and Arzara presented to Don Carlos contained the following words:

"It is undeniable that the Liberal party desires neither Donna Isabella nor her dynasty. Of the great Carlist party I need not speak, for it has always remained faithful to the principles of legitimacy. All accept your Majesty as their legitimate King; all confide in your Majesty; and the nation believes that this is the opportune moment for the regeneration of Spain."

Don Carlos rejected these overtures, and declared that it was not his object to make terms with the revolution, but to quell it. And again after the third battle of Somorrostro, General Serrano, Dictator of the Republic, and actual head of the army, sent envoys to Don Carlos at Durango, with an offer of the crown, subject only to certain

provisions to be made for Serrano and his most influential followers. Don Carlos declined the compromise.

Spain has always been a Catholic country, and her people desired that no outrage should be offered to the faith of their fathers; for in Catholicity reposes the truth they understand—the symbol of all their glories, the spirit of their laws, and the bond of concord between all Spaniards. Spain wanted a real king, and a government worthy and energetic, firm and respected. She asked for a Cortes to represent the honest and impartial elements of the country, and a fundamental code that should be both definitive and Spanish. In Don Carlos, the Spaniards found, without equivocation or assumption, a faithful representative of their wishes. In his manifesto of July 16th, 1874, he says:

"I will give satisfaction to Spain's religious sentiments as well as to her love for the legitimate monarchy. But Catholic unity does not imply religious espionage, nor does the monarchy imply despotism. I will not take one step backward nor forward, as regards the church, and for this reason will not molest the buyers of her (confiscated) property."

Don Carlos has always kept himself free from entangling alliances; he has never desired to be a king, except of all the Spaniards: to exclude nobody, not even those who call themselves his enemies. In a manifesto addressed to his brother Don Alfonso, he said:

"The Spanish people, taught by a painful experience, desire the truth in everything. They want a king in reality, and not the shadow of a king. They desire that the Cortes should be the regularly appointed and peaceful gathering of the independent and incorruptible elect of the constituencies, and not tumultuous and barren assemblies of office-holders and office-seekers, servile majorities and seditious minorities."

The same consistency which caused Don Carlos to reject the crown the men of September offered him, before the battle of Alcolea, prevented him from accepting the offer of sovereignty made by Serrano; and also caused him to reject the proposition for a *convenio*, and division of the kingdom made

by his young cousin Alfonso, who had lately ascended the throne by authority of a *pronunciamiento*.

It has been said that Don Carlos ought not to resort to war as a means of establishing his rights to the throne; but it should not be forgotten that Don Carlos, when the right of succession devolved upon him, wishing to avoid bloodshed, organized his party legally, and ordered it to join the electoral field. The Carlists, in spite of the violence of the government, and the tide of revolutionary opinion at the time, carried into the first Cortes of King Amadeo the strongest minority, being seventy-two out of three hundred members. At the next election a complete system of intimidation was put on foot, and the Carlists fell victims to the bullets and daggers of assassins in the employ of the government. These were the circumstances under which the Carlists were forced to abandon the electoral struggle, and take up arms in vindication of their just rights.

The numerical strength of the Carlists at the beginning of the war is illustrated in the fact, that in 1871 there were in Spain one hundred and twelve Carlist newspapers and reviews, many of which had a large circulation. The ordinary circulation of the *Pape-lito*, for example, was thirty thousand copies, and it sometimes reached forty thousand. If I give only one thousand as the average issue of each paper, it makes the number of readers one hundred and twelve thousand. Now, as the great mass of Carlists live in the country, and as only one in thirty of the country population know how to read, there must have been over three millions of decided Carlists, or almost one-half the male population, and the greatest possible number of men sharing one set of fixed ideas in Spain.

It is not common for princes of royal blood to interest themselves in literature; but Don Carlos, even in early life, had a taste for books, and occasionally amused himself by writing essays or verses, but without any serious devotion to general literature. In later life he warmed in his attachment to the best Spanish authors. One day at dinner, in the royal palace at Tolosa, dur-

ing the third year of the war, Mr. Visitelli of the *London Times*, speaking of the advancement in literature made by most of the great powers, deplored the comparatively low state of intellectual culture in Spain. Don Carlos quickly replied, that within the last fifty years Spain had produced writers and thinkers of the highest order. Balenez, Donoso Cortes, and Fernan Caballero, said he, have in their various departments of literature revived the ancient glories of their country. Other ornaments of Spanish literature, he continued, are the learned and elegant historians, La Fuente and Cavanilles, and the able literary critic and historian, Amador de Rios.

The views expressed by Don Carlos upon this subject are supported by the observations of Dr. Gams, a learned German writer, a pupil of the celebrated Mohler, who resided several years in Spain, and, among other things, wrote an elaborate history of the Spanish church. Upon a subject which is so generally misunderstood, I may, perhaps, be excused for drawing further upon my recollection of the convictions expressed by this eminent author. "In able writers," says Dr. Gams, "Spain is inferior to no country. The Spanish literature, even of the present day, has brought forth the most splendid productions." And he enumerates some learned and elaborate works on hagiology, biography, jurisprudence, and the provincial and general history of Spain. If one would form a true conception of the great wealth of the Spanish literature of this century, in despite of the disfavor of times and circumstances, he need but consult the Dictionary of Spanish Bibliography, by Dionysus Hidalgo, under the articles, "Library" and "Collections." It is perfectly true that, among the so-called popular Spanish authors, some are unbelievers; but it is satisfactory to know that Spanish Deism can exhibit scarcely a writer of eminence, and that its productions are chiefly wretched transcripts from the works of the French encyclopedists.

Don Carlos is from principle a legitimist. He said to me, soon after the close of the war in Spain, that, in the event of the death

of the Prince Imperial, the only legitimate heir to the vacant Imperial throne of France would be an American-born citizen, the grandson of the beautiful Betsey Patterson, who, it will be remembered, was married to Jerome Bonaparte, by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, in 1803. The great Napoleon was angry with his brother for marrying an American and a Protestant, and declared the marriage null and void. Though the French courts pronounced the decree of divorce, the Pope Pius VII. refused to annul the marriage; and in the eyes of the Catholic Church the marriage was perfectly legitimate. Jerome was subsequently induced to put away his wife, and married the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, by whom he had the son now known as Prince Napoleon, and nicknamed "Plon-Plon," and who is recognized by the Imperialists as Napoleon V. But of all the strange combinations, none could be stranger than that which results from the destruction of the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht, relating to the union of the crowns of France and Spain, and the establishment of the Salic law in Spain, which I have already alluded to. If the Treaty of Utrecht had never been executed, Don Carlos would be the direct heir to the crown of France after the Comte de Chambord's death; and if the male descendant of Philip V., according to the Salic law, should no longer be held to have a right to the crown of Spain, his exclusion from the throne of France, arranged in order that the two crowns should never be united, would no longer have any meaning. The establishment of the right of the dynasty of Queen Isabella to the Spanish crown would involve the substitution of Don Carlos for the Comte de Paris, as heir to Henry V., to whom he is otherwise closely related as the nephew of his wife, and the husband of his niece. It is a curious coincidence, that, but for one female cousin of the House of Modena, who has by marriage taken the

eventual succession into the royal family of Bavaria, Don Carlos would also be the lineal representative of the British House of Stuart, unless the claims of the late Comte d'Albanie be admitted.

The war ended, Don Carlos embraced the world with warmth, for he was not one to clothe it in the sable hues of disappointment. When he arrived at Pau, at the royal villa, he greeted his queenly spouse with marked cheerfulness; but the pensive look upon the face of her Majesty plainly showed how severely she felt the disappointment. For four years she had labored incessantly in the diplomatic field, where the results she accomplished would have been the envy of the Queens of the days of Louis XIV., had she lived in the age when women strove to mold the destinies of their peoples to their own strong wills.

Don Carlos was almost immediately informed that his presence in France would be politically objectionable to the President of the Republic. Therefore he made no delay in taking his departure, accompanied by a few members of his late military staff, for England. At the stations along the route, where his coming was known, he was received with acclamations; and at one of the towns between Folkestone and London a large boarding-school of boys turned out to greet him. They formed in line on the platform, and presented him with an address. Don Carlos requested a half-holiday for the pupils, which was granted.

The visit of Don Carlos to the United States and the Republic of Mexico is of recent date. He desired, he said, to realize the dream of his whole life—to visit the New World, to study the political government of the United States, and to travel through Mexico and Peru; though the latter no longer belonged to Spain, their conquest had been among the proudest achievements of his ancestors.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LAPP SONG.

Over the wind-washed moor,
Over the waveless waste,
Niska, my reindeer, haste!

On! On! Soon must we be
Skimming the lovely plain;
Soon must reach home again.

O'ertopping feljd and fjord,
Mounting the crags to flow
Down to the steppes below.

Like tempest sweep we on,
Since ever we set forth,
Our look bend on the North.

The Pole star is our Love,
The Southern sun the foe;
We fly on moss and snow.

On! On! Haste, Niska, haste!
The warning darkness pales,
Not so thy courage fails.

MARGARET RHETT.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, JOURNALIST.*

It is good sometimes that one should know his lineage, especially if he cherishes no false pride, and is not afraid to find that his ancestors were unkempt, and perhaps unclothed, a thousand years ago.

In the opening sentences of the last paper which our departed associate read before this body, he constructed his genealogical tree with the following sentences:

"I am a pure Celt. No drop of alien blood flows in my veins. I am descended from a long line of fishermen, who dwelt on the eastern shore of the Irish Channel. My remote ancestors were probably barbarians, savage and bloodthirsty, given to heathen

rites, and the worship of strange gods. Upon their sacrificial altars, under the wide-spreading branches of the mystic oak, amid weird incantations of long-robed Druidic priests, and the cutting of the sacred mistletoe by consecrated priestesses, human victims were offered up to savage divinities. I make no doubt that more than one of my distant relatives went through the world appareled in the vaguest of costumes, lived in caves, fed on roots and acorns, and made an occasional meal off his less happy neighbor, taken in battle. The roots of my family tree strike down to the rank soil of that ancient Briton, which the greatest of the Cæsars overran, but could not wholly conquer."

His family roots were in a sturdy stock, whose protest for liberty of thought and speech

* Paper read before the Berkeley Club, September 1st, 1881.

and action has been heard the world over. If some of us were to run the genealogical lines backward, we might strike barbarism at an earlier day; and getting there, might the more readily raise the question, whether a savage condition is not one with nature—a normal and healthy state? Whether the veneering of civilization is not sometimes overrated, since it breeds exactions which shorten life, and threaten to enslave the world? The natives of a South Sea island saw nothing so ridiculous in the civilization of white men as work. That one should grub and toil mainly for clothes which he did not need, and for food which he could get without work, and shelter which the heavens furnished and lighted with eternal lamps, seemed to them a needless abasement of humanity. How much more emphasis would they have given the conclusion had they been told that this civilization produces immense prisons and mad-houses; and newspapers, wherein are recorded the deviltries of the world; and books, which the worms eat; and railroads, whereon slaves, instead of plodding along the highways, may ride to their tasks at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and cities for future antiquarians to burrow under, as coyotes burrow in the hillsides, but know too much to put in print what game they have borrowed or stolen. Seeing that we have gone over the chasm (or suppose we have) from barbarism to civilization, and have put our necks under the yoke, what is left for us but to pull without a balk, clamoring for no respite, nor getting it, until the long respite comes in the silent city? Have we not defied work, and made grime a patent of nobility? Do we honor overmuch the small leisure class who have withdrawn their necks from the yoke, and have become genteel tramps? despising their poor relations who sleep in haystacks, and forage at kitchen-doors? There may be small blame in the discrimination which fails to mark the difference between the rich tramp, who brings home foreign airs and bad pictures, and his poorer brother, who presents us nothing but his crownless hat and capacious stomach. The world will not get much from either.

As the community ripens, there will be an increasing leisure class, having both wealth and culture, and the spirit of a larger beneficence. We shall know them when they come, though they do not bring their trumpets with them.

If our departed friend inherited blue blood, he gained little from it, except in the temperament and genius which is generated in Celtic veins. He had little of the robustness of the ancient Briton; and would have made a poor figure in swinging a stone ax, or in poising a lance as heavy as a weaver's beam. He was not born with the traditional inheritance of a gold spoon, nor even with one of iron. His fortune by descent was hard work; and he came into possession of that as soon as he could drive a cow to pasture or bridle a horse. He learned the trade of a printer in Utica, at a time when apprentices boarded with the master, and got little besides frugal fare and more frugal clothes. Yet, what he learned in this humble way was really the foundation of his future usefulness and influence. His art was a lever, unconsciously put into his hands, which enabled him to move future obstacles out of his way. He saved a little money, as a printer, which enabled him to attend the Homer Academy, and from which he went to the sophomore class at Williams College. He was probably too heavily handicapped to become a brilliant scholar; but he graduated with respectable standing in a class which had in it Professor George Moorar of the Golden Gate Theological Seminary, Professor Morris of Cornell University, and Judge Temple of Santa Rosa. He fought the battle for an education bravely, and with manly independence. The victory was worth the cost; yet he was conscious, as every poor student has been, that a thin purse makes thin blood and poor digestion: crackers and water in an attic are one extreme, and beer and pipes the other, of student life; and neither is good for him then or thereafter. Dives is, no doubt, the author of the milk-and-water sentiment, that poverty is a good thing for young men. All the followers of that ancient miser, have rolled it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and with

the greater relish, because it is so economical of all generous benefactions. During his undergraduate course, our friend enjoyed the instruction and friendship of President Mark Hopkins, whose influence was never lost in all his subsequent career. He venerated his teacher as one of the greatest and noblest men of the age. When the latter made a visit to this coast, a few years ago, none gave him a warmer greeting than the deceased. Through his influence, an assembly of persons representing the professions, letters, and literature made the renowned teacher their guest at one of the most notable reunions ever held on the coast. An unseen hand had wisely and deftly arranged every detail. Speeches and fellowship befitted the occasion. There was grace of utterance, the wisdom of the scholar, and the wit of sudden inspiration. None were filled with greater gladness than teacher and journalist, who had met for the last time on the rim of the continent.

From the college among the hills of Berkshire, the young man went back to Utica as an associate editor of the "Utica Herald," which had just been started by Ellis Roberts, then an aspirant for political honors, and since a prominent member of Congress. It was by sheer hard work and sterling ability that the new paper was carried to the point of success, and so far beyond, that it became an organ of more than local importance. At thirty years of age, the young editor, having done some good work, sought a respite and the advantages of travel in Europe. Samuel Thompson, then a leading merchant of Utica, and now a venerable citizen of more than eighty years, residing in Oakland, conferred with a few friends, with the result, that a thousand dollars were added to the resources of the departing editor, as a testimonial of esteem.

He spent nearly two years abroad. It was probably the germinating period of his life. He tarried some months at Heidelberg, where he got a flavor of German student life, and picked up a little German on his own account. In Paris, he learned enough French

for continental travel. He went up the Nile; tarried briefly at Jerusalem and Damascus; poked his cane among the countless layers of mummies at Thebes; enjoyed the hospitality of an Arab sheik in the desert; made the acquaintance of Schweinfurth at the University, since the renowned botanist and African explorer; wrote a series of letters for his paper, which attracted much attention, but which his modesty would not permit to go into a book. He returned better than ever equipped for his life work. His marriage, soon afterward, was felicitous; and his social relations were broadened by many desirable friendships.

He was already known as a vigorous writer, a ready and effective speaker from the stump, which he occasionally took, and a lecturer who both amused and instructed whenever he consented to appear upon the platform. His reputation had extended quite beyond the little city of central New York where he had thought to make his permanent home. The proprietors of the "Albany Evening Journal," a political paper of much influence, sought his services. His new relation of associate editor, with Thurlow Weed as the senior, insured the warm personal interest and the lasting friendship of this veteran of the press. The latter left much of the editorial writing to his junior. He continued in this relation for three years or more, and then accepted an offer to join the staff of the "Evening Bulletin," of San Francisco. Our friend left Albany with some reluctance. He wanted to see the blue waters of the Pacific, and to catch the inspiration of a new community. How well he had done his work in Albany may be inferred from the permanent testimonials which he brought with him, some of them inscribed in letters of gold; and also from the fact, that about three years ago he was invited to return to Albany and take the editorial management of the journal in whose interests he had wrought years before. The offer was a tempting one; but he liked the State of his adoption, he had taken permanent root, new friends had been gained, he did not want to cut all the lacings and interlacings which bound him to the commu-

nity. His honest love of approbation was gratified by the proposition, and he turned it over wisely many times in his mind. But when he had once said no, he was glad for the decision. He kept up an acquaintance with many of the influential men he had known in the State of New York; and it was rarely that any one of this class, coming from the central or western part of that State to San Francisco, did not make it his early business to call on Samuel Williams. Among the lasting friendships formed at Albany, was that of William H. Seward, then at the zenith of his well-earned fame. When the latter came to this coast, some years ago, having set out on a tour of general observation around the world, he urged Mr. Williams, as a confidential friend and guest, to accompany him to Mexico. It was hard to decline such an offer. But loyalty to duty took the precedence of pleasure.

Another permanent friendship formed in the relation of journalist, was that of our associate with the late Samuel Bowles, the founder and long-time editor of the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican," then and now the best representative of provincial journalism in the whole country. The two men were about the same age, of similar temperaments and tastes, nervous, angular, explosive at times, cherishing the highest ideals of the profession, and both wearing rapidly out under its exactions. The lives of both went out by sheer nervous exhaustion; Mr. Bowles dying about three years ago. The latter cherished a warm friendship for Judge Colt, late of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who, going the same way to death, committed suicide recently in a moment of mental aberration. Mr. Williams had also enjoyed the friendship of this eminent jurist. Mr. Bowles once said that he should esteem it a great felicity if he should be sentenced to death by Judge Colt, and should be hung by Sheriff Root; and he might have added, have an obituary written by Samuel Williams. It fell to the lot of the latter to write the obituary of the late Benjamin Avery, so many years an associate in the same newspaper office. It was a tribute worthy of both the living and the

dead. What was so often a facetious suggestion at that time, that each survivor in turn should write a memorial paragraph for his departed co-worker, has become all too soon a sorrowful reality.

Mr. Williams's term of service on the "Bulletin" covered a period of about sixteen years, he having preceded the writer in that connection by about six months. He was assigned the department which had formerly been filled by James Nesbit, who was lost with the steamship *Brother Jonathan*. The work included the editing of all news by telegraph, the reprint of State and foreign news from exchanges, the selection of miscellaneous matter, dramatic criticism, and book reviews. The writing of editorials did not fall to his department; but if that work had been assigned to him, his clear-cut and forcible way of putting things could not have been mistaken for that of another. He made the most of his department. His dramatic opinions were honestly expressed, and his criticisms were just. He had no weak side that any one could approach through fear or favor. He had the art, from long experience, of finding out what was in a book in the shortest time. He went at once for its vitals. He took the scent of a humbug as quick as a hound takes that of a fox. No art of gilding or embossing could conceal from him a sham. He did not always read a book through. Life is too short for that. But he got the soul and essence of it; and when he had fairly given the spirit of a book, had informed the public so well that its character need not be mistaken, he deemed that the functions of a newspaper critic had been well performed. He would not spend his time upon subtleties, nor for any hair-splitting flourishes. He brought to this task a sound literary judgment and a catholic spirit. So well was his work as a reviewer done, that he not only made it a distinguished feature of the paper, but it was not better done in more than one other newspaper in the country. The late George Ripley of the New York "Tribune," having more time and space at command, made more exhaustive reviews. It was the custom of each to quote liberally,

in order to fairly represent the quality of an author. If the public did not like the samples, it was no fault of the reviewer. The reviews became something more than dry disquisitions. They were widely read, because they were attractive in this form, and because they were careful and honest estimates of qualities and defects. A great deal of book-reviewing in this country has been prostituted to meet commercial exactions. Most of the great publishing-houses have set up their own organs. They control either a magazine or the literary department of a newspaper. The review becomes a mere business notice in the interest of the publisher. It is worthless as a criticism, and often a fraud upon the public. Our friend deplored this tendency. He would not listen with patience to so much as a hint from any publisher or bookseller touching the notice to be made. He was not grinding grists for toll, a fact which he knew how to state with explosive emphasis. If the publisher did not like his method of reviewing, he could take himself and his wares to some more elastic critic. But as for outside influence and advice, he would tolerate none of it. While he aimed to be just, he would sometimes strain a point in favor of a young and friendless author; pointing out the good things which he found, saying a kind word if he could in good conscience, deeming it better for the time than the sting of sharp criticism. He was helpful to more than one young writer in this way. His trained eye and clear discernment saw at once if there was anything in poem or essay—a single grain of wheat in the chaff for any future encouragement. This eclectic spirit made him expert in choosing the best miscellaneous articles. He declared that the art of writing really good short stories had been well nigh lost to the country. When Bret Harte made his advent with his short stories, he was the first to hail him as the new evangel in this department of fiction. He waited long for another, but did not find him. His composition was wrought slowly, and with much painstaking. He sought for the right word or phrase, and knew when he had found it. He had in him the essential

elements of a good journalist—such as are not found in more than one educated man in ten thousand. His strength was not wholly in a vigorous, condensed, and nervous style, crowding his sentences full of thought; but in the art of finding out the best, and laying hands upon it quickly. He knew at a glance the newspaper fiend and the bore, who haunt offices during working hours; and they knew him, with a mortal dread. But his high impatience melted into patience if any one came for a word of counsel, or had a tale of distress. His benevolence was often greater than his resources. When it was known that he was president of a benevolent society, it seemed, at times, as if the world had suddenly gone lame and blind and hungry. He was intolerant of imposters, but sometimes suffered impositions, preferring to err on the side of compassion. In more than one instance he sought the ear of rich men for some pressing case, and was himself surprised at the large response.

His voice was shrill and rasping, and seemed the only thing about him which had never been educated. It could not be mistaken in a concourse of a thousand for that of another. The fineness of his nature could never have been inferred from his voice, and he was probably often misjudged by strangers. Yet it seemed fitly to be one of the idiosyncrasies of the man; going well with his angularity, alertness, and earnestness of life. If heard from the platform, it was clear, vibrant, searching for the dumbest ears. It fell kindly upon the ears of friends, who forgot the key of his speech for words which were often as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." His chirography was as peculiar as his voice. In sixteen years I was never able to read two consecutive lines that he had written; and only trained experts in the office were able to set up his manuscript with any facility. Horace Greeley and Rufus Choate never put more inexplicable characters on paper. But he did not consider it a mark of genius: he was even sensitive about his writing; though he tried hard to discover the wit of his friends who did sometimes rally him about it. His speech and his

chirography were indices of character—they were a part of his personality; but hardly more than single tracings of his moral and mental fiber.

Our friend had a keen relish for society, and did perhaps sometimes overestimate its value, since he was likely to contribute more than he got in return. As society is generally made up on this side of the world, more than one thoughtful and scholarly person has had occasion to say, after returning from a fashionable dress parade, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" The deceased liked best to meet small circles of friends. There were many doors open to him. He knew many rich men. Yet if any by reason of riches indulged in patronizing airs, he was quickly repelled. He knew that in the divine order, opulence of mind—the sterling qualities of head and heart—took the precedence of bullion, whether base or refined. He did not intend that this order should be reversed. He found welcoming hosts on his own terms. Except at his own fireside, it was in these small circles that he was seen at his best. He was genial always, oftentimes brilliant, quick for repartee. It was there he had the grace of speech and the charm of social inspiration.

His acquaintance among newspaper men on the Pacific side of the country was not large. He had a great deal of professional pride. Journalism had been the one pursuit of his life. He honored the calling; exalted it by his daily labor, and by his high ideal of the daily journal. He did not care to know much about any who fell short of this standard. He did not think that a soiled shirt, unkempt hair, unpaid bills, and an air of general distraction were evidences of genius. He lamented that the newspaper ranks were so largely recruited from an irresponsible element, which took no pride in the vocation, and gave no promise of permanent success. He held that "impersonal journalism" meant no more than the obscurity of the individual writer, and the personal exaltation of the publisher. He was content that it should be so. As a logical result, he was not so widely known here as in the State of

New York; and he probably gained little or nothing by an exchange of his fields of activity. He was conscious that mere routine work on a newspaper was not favorable to the best literary development. He who fills his place year after year, without a vacation, will feel sooner or later the drudgery and grinding of the business, and may have good occasion to become jealous of his powers. At long intervals, our friend would try his mental qualities by some new standard. The tests were satisfactory. He was probably as favorably known to the public by his occasional speeches, lectures, and essays, as by his journalistic work. He knew that in this vocation the results were evanescent. The best work of the day was destined to perish with the day. Yet he wrought with as much pains and conscientious fidelity as if he was writing every day for immortality.

If one should find his editorial or review of to-day, used as a wrapper for a bologna sausage to-morrow, let him know that such is newspaper mortality in this year of grace. He was content that, in an impersonal way, he had a large contact with the world. When a ministerial friend one day mentioned that his audience on the previous Sunday was five hundred, the journalist mentioned that his audience for six days of the week was thirty thousand. There was a "flash of silence" for at least three minutes. Yet the deceased was not given to boasting; and he did not carry the shop with him. He asked no favors of the public nor of individuals, by reason of his newspaper connection. He took his place in the ranks of men for what he was in himself, and not for any factitious associations. He rightly judged that the great newspaper was never the work of any one man, but of a succession of men. He noted that when Greeley and Raymond and Bennett disappeared, the newspapers which they had founded did not weaken or shrink in the least. They grew better from year to year. A thousand old enmities, antagonisms, and grudges died with these founders. A thousand new ones are destined to go into the abyssmal depths. He believed in the newspaper as an institution, and that one

day it would reach his highest ideal standard; but never until the community was prepared for it. Seeing that it is not now ready for it, nor, indeed, deserving it, he was content with more imperfect results.

If our friend had chosen an exclusively literary career, he might have gained fame, with one chance in a thousand of gaining fortune. He knew that it was a precarious vocation. Hardly one book in a hundred brings success. Thoreau, carrying his unsold copies of "A Week on the Concord" up stairs, because the publisher could no longer store them; Hawthorne, brooding over the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter," at his wit's end for a way out of pecuniary embarrassment—were fair illustrations of the early success of men of letters in this country. When the wolf is near the door, the best of books on the top shelf will not buy bread. The man with a shot-gun cannot stop to put salt on the tails of birds when the larder is empty. It was enough that our friend was satisfied with his vocation, and with its small and more certain rewards. With less rectitude, he might easily have found the road to fortune. His honor was worth more to him in all the weary days of his life. He kept his high integrity beyond a doubt or a question. As a custodian of millions, he would have accounted for the last cent, even if his diet had been a crust of bread in a garret. I know not if he would have made a martyr for any religious belief; but he had the stuff in him which makes honest men; and they are sadly wanted now in this crooked world. Yet he was not without some distinct religious impressions. He thought little of human creeds, but he revered the great truths which take hold of immortal life. He abhorred cant, and even more so, any jest or scoff touching the religious faith of men. He remembered that his renowned teacher, greatest among the great thinkers of his time, was as a little child in the simplicity of his faith; and he did not think that any who had a kindred belief would greatly err. He had the disease of work. He had, however, a firm belief that, with periodical cessations of work, his life might have been pro-

longed many years. But he had come to look upon death as not a very remote event. He was not unduly solicitous about it. For the last year or two I think his view in that regard might have been fitly expressed in the lines of Bjornson:

"One day I know I shall wander afar
Over the lofty mountains!
Lord, my God, is thy door ajar?
Good is thy home where the blessed are;
Keep it, though closed a while longer,
Till my deep longing grows stronger."

The ripeness of years had cooled somewhat the fervor of Celtic blood. But he was always a man of force and singular directness, putting his whole soul into whatever he said or did. His temperament made him aggressive. With more repose of soul, he would have chafed less, and perhaps would have got more out of life. Yet he was as free from brooding bitterness as a child. He cherished few resentments; but when a newspaper Philistine once wantonly assailed him, his maligner was ever afterward as dead, constructively, as if a mountain had fallen upon him. He was free from the grossness of speech; and if he did sometimes oburgate, it was in the spirit of "My Uncle Toby," and he thought it would not be placed to his permanent account in this world nor in the next. He had an honest contempt for vulgar pretension. It was ever an offense against the severe simplicity of his own life. He was so positive, square-sided, and incisive, that weak and capricious people would not naturally be drawn to him. He preferred that they should not be, for he had nothing in common with them; and if they went somewhat apart from him, it was their testimony unwittingly given to the genuineness of his character. It was that, also, which drew to him the surprising number of friends who knew his steadfastness, his delightful companionship, and his unselfish life. They sent him messages of hope and cheer in the days of his illness—words which did greatly brighten his spirits and gild his fading horizon. And when the final tribute was paid to his dust, who were they but the elect, the best

of all professions and vocations, who honored his memory!

What he was to us in this association, yourselves are witnesses. He always had something to say worth hearing. He knew the limits of his mental grasp, and did not strive to transgress those limits. His vocation was not favorable to the profoundest research, nor to special and difficult fields of inquiry. But his contributed papers were always good, and so suggestive that they were sure to ring the electric bells. He went to his rest in the prime of his years, if they are reckoned by the calendar. But so intense was his life that his years were rounded to the fullness of age.

He saw serenely the shadows lengthen, and the evening come on apace. As the mountains are transfigured at the setting of the sun, so at eventide the hour of his transfiguration came, and he went forth from death unto life. It was a life here of patient endeavor, wherein the most was made out of moderate opportunities. Where he succeeded, many another would have failed. The way would have been found too hard and too long. He was successful in the attainment of the things most honorable and most to be esteemed by a genuine character. Having the toughness of fiber which insures staying power, he could both work and wait for results. His mercurial nature was tempered by prudence and enriched by a large generosity.

It did not concern him greatly that he put

more into life than he got out of it. What he did not get in volume, was made up to him in quality. For him the hills were touched with gold, when they were as lead to duller sight and sense. We shall remember him at his best, as one having the crown of a noble manhood. Whittier's lines, "In Memoriam," are appropriated as a just tribute to the memory of the dead journalist:

"Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day?

"What is there to gloss or shun?
Save with kindly voices, none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

"Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

"Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
Played the lambent light of mirth—

"Mirth that lit but never burned;
All thy blame to pity turned;
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

"Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

"Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glased!

"Keep the human heart of thee:
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality."

W. C. BARTLETT.

COMETS.

The experience of to-day, and the recorded experience of the historic period, indicate the profound astonishment and awe with which the phenomena of total eclipses of the sun and moon have inspired the great majority of mankind. Unpredicted as the solar eclipses were in the earlier ages, they came suddenly and silently upon the attention of those living in the pathway of the moon's

shadow; the clear face of the sun became gradually obscured by an apparently black body; the light and heat were finally cut off; great red flames issued from the periphery of the dark body; a softly luminous white light extended far around the sun's place in the heavens; great red flames were projected from different points of the circumference; the bright stars and the planets became

visible; the sky changed to a lurid hue; the wild and domestic animals sought shelter and sleep; men left their occupations with an indescribable dread, and retreated to their caves and huts; the dark body hung with perspective effect like a black mass almost within their reach; not a word was spoken, and a thousand conjectures and fears filled every soul. Those who had been upon the mountain-side had witnessed the great shadow on-sweeping over the plains before the first contact of the moon and sun; it was to them wholly unnatural, a shadow without apparent cloud or substance, a coming danger beyond the range of experience, perhaps only dimly recollected among the vagaries of tradition.

These feelings oppress the great mass of mankind to-day, even when the epoch of the phenomenon is predicted years in advance. Among the American Indians, we have seen them leave their canoes and retreat to the woods, as the phase of the eclipse increased; the hunter becomes hushed in wondering terror, and hides in the densest part of the forest; whole villages are apparently deserted, and a dreadful and ominous silence prevails, until the first gleam of sunlight reawakens hope. But this hope comes from a vague stupefied amazement, and a sense that some great calamity must eventuate; the heavens have been darkened at midday, and apparently without any of the ordinary natural modes.

There are instances of solar eclipses occurring during the progress of great wars, even at the epoch of some great battles; and the minds of the defeated must have been constrained to accept the phenomenon as a harbinger of unmitigated evil. All other evils would naturally be associated with this supposed cause.

But in later years, the causes of solar and lunar eclipses have become so generally known among civilized peoples, and the results of observations upon the phenomena have proved so advantageous to practical and theoretical astronomy, that expeditions are fitted out by all liberal governments, and by wealthy individuals, to travel where they

may be witnessed. The cause is not different in character from that of a person or object passing from broad sunlight through the shade of a house or tree or mountain, and again emerging into the sunlight; but it is attended with some of the grandest and most marvelous effects in nature. With this increased knowledge, the terror of solar eclipses has been banished from the educated masses, and only deep satisfaction and lasting pleasure expressed when they are beheld.

The history of comets presents somewhat similar conditions; but, on account of their frequently unpredicted advent, the popular mind has not so thoroughly crystallized into a belief in their absolute harmlessness. And unfortunately there are many charlatans who seize upon the phenomenal to increase their means by sensational assertions and false predictions; or in their absolute inability to comprehend the problems involved, vaguely and erroneously interpret the majesty and beauty of cosmical exhibitions to incite the fears of the nervous, or practice upon the faith of the credulous.

Among the great historic comets which have come before the world in all their blazing magnificence, some have been pronounced the harbingers of death, plague, and devastation; others have been named as the special messengers from Heaven for some grand and unusual purpose, or the cause of bountiful harvests of bread and of wine. In the year 43 B. C. appeared the first great comet recorded as visible during the day-time, when it was seen for two or three hours before sunset, and continued so for eight consecutive days. It appeared during the progress of the games celebrated by Augustus in honor of Venus, shortly after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and was regarded by the poets as a celestial chariot sent to convey the soul of Cæsar to the skies; and the common people supposed that it indicated the admission of the soul of Cæsar into the ranks of the immortal gods. Justinian says that, at the birth of Mithridates, 134 B. C., a comet appeared and was visible seventy days; the heavens appeared all on fire; the comet oc-

cupied the fourth part of the sky, and its brilliancy was superior to that of the sun. And he also states, that, "when Mithridates ascended the throne, there again appeared for seventy days a comet exactly resembling that which was seen at his birth." Diodorus relates that, "on the departure of the expedition of Timoleon from Corinth for Sicily, 344 B. C., the gods announced his success and future greatness by an extraordinary prodigy, a burning torch appeared in the heavens for an entire night, and went before the fleet to Sicily." In the month of August, 676, a comet showed itself in the east for three months, from the time of cock-crowing until morning. Its rays penetrated the heavens; all nations beheld with admiration its rising; at length, returning upon itself, it disappeared. Passing over many supposed and fanciful coincidences, and coming down to recent times, we find that the great comet of 1811 was supposed to have had a wonderful effect upon the vintage of that year, and was therefore hailed as a sign of prosperity.

On the other hand, the apparitions of comets have been recorded as foreboders of evil. During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, "a comet—that terrible star which upsets the powers of the earth—showed its portentous hair" (48 B. C.). Seneca relates that, "after the death of Demetrius, King of Syria, the father of Demetrius and Antiochus, a little before the war in Achaia, there appeared a comet as large as the sun. Its disc was at first red, and like fire, spreading sufficient light to dissipate the darkness of night; after a little while, its size diminished, its brilliancy became weakened, and at last it entirely disappeared."

"In the second year of the entrance of Charles the Bald into Italy (877), a comet was seen in the month of March in the west, and in the sign Libra. It lasted for fifteen days, but was less bright than that of 875. In the same year the Emperor Charles died."

In July, 1181, a comet appeared shortly before the death of Pope Alexander III. In 1456, there was an apparition of Halley's comet (then more brilliant than at later visi-

tations), whose tail was slightly curved like a cimeter, and extended two-thirds of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The appearance of such an object, in a grossly superstitious age, excited throughout Europe the greatest consternation. The Moslems had just taken Constantinople, and were threatening to advance westward over Europe. Pope Calixtus III., regarding the comet as confederate with the Turk, ordered the church bells to be rung daily at noon, and prayers to be offered three times a day for deliverance from both. But within ten days of its appearance, the comet reached its perihelion. Receding from the sun, the sword-like form began to diminish in brilliancy and extent; the papal General Hunniades compelled Mahomet to raise the siege of Belgrade; and finally, to the great relief of Europe, the comet entirely disappeared. To celebrate this curious episode, a medal was struck, of which copies are yet extant.

And in this manner might instances be enumerated where the appearance of a comet was considered the precursor of some ruler's death, or, if coming after, was reckoned as being a sign thereof. Of the thousands of comets which have doubtless appeared within the historic period, either visible to the unassisted eye, to the telescope, or in day-time, when they may be revealed by the occurrence of a total eclipse or by their extraordinary brightness, only a comparatively few can possibly be counted as partially coinciding with some notable event, and not one absolutely coincident therewith. The last comet employed in an astrological character was that of 1769, which Napoleon I. afterwards assumed to look upon as his protecting genius. And, as late as 1808, Messier published a work upon its relation with the birth of "Napoleon le Grand."

In "Paradise Lost" we see how the great poet has seized upon popular superstition to introduce one of his bold metaphors:

"Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky, and from its horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

We must, however, unreservedly set aside the poetical figures, the wild and extravagant language of the astrologers, the unchecked utterings of partisans and courtiers, the vague apprehensions of spiritual leaders, and place them side by side with the fears and hopes and superstitions of the American Indian, and the childish ideas of the Chinese.

Modern education and freedom of thought have almost wholly changed the ancient popular view. The cometary bodies are now generally recognized members of our system of the universe, and are governed by the accepted law of universal gravitation. The great comet of 1680 was remarkable, not only for its brilliancy and extent, but for having furnished Newton the data by means of which he first showed that comets are governed by the same principle that regulates the planetary revolutions. This comet had a tail ninety degrees in length, and its body approached the sun's surface within less than 150,000 miles, or one-sixth of its diameter. A few years after the advent of this comet, Newton published his *Principia*, in which he applied to that body the general principles of physical investigation first promulgated in that work. He ascertained that this comet described about the sun as its focus an elliptic orbit of so great an eccentricity as to be at that part of its pathway undistinguishable from a parabola; and that in this orbit the areas described about the sun were proportional to the elapsed times, as in the planetary ellipses. The representation of the apparent motions of this comet, through its whole observed course, was found to be as satisfactory as those of the motions of the planets in their nearly circular paths. From that time it has been an accepted truth, fully corroborated by more refined observations, that the motions of comets are governed by the same general laws as those of the planets; the differences of the cases consisting only in the extravagant elongation of their ellipses, whereby they may cross the orbits of one or all the planets; and in the absence of any limit to the inclinations of the planes of their orbits to that of the ecliptic.

Soon after this, and doubtless prompted

thereby, and by the appearance of the comet of 1682, Halley undertook the labor of examining the circumstances attending all the previously recorded comets, with a view to ascertain whether any, and if so which of them, appeared to follow the same path. Careful investigation soon proved that the orbits of the comets of 1531 and 1607 were similar, and that they were in fact the same as that followed by the comet of 1682, observed by himself. The want of absolute equality in their periodicity suggested to Halley a cause for such irregularity; and he reasoned, that the same causes which disturbed the planetary motions would likewise act upon comets. He was therefore able to predict approximately the return of the comet within the limit of a few months; but Clairant, subsequently to Halley's death, predicted its return to perihelion within a month of its actual occurrence.

It is not necessary to recount from the different authorities on comets the peculiarities of the wonderful comets which have appeared and have been noted from a period of nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. The Chinese authorities abound in descriptions of great comets which have appeared to them; Greeks and Romans delighted in describing them, and associating them with the apotheosis of some great man, or as deciding the fortunes of battles and wars.

We may, however, glance generally at a few extraordinary apparitions. Not less than fifteen comets have appeared in broad daylight; one and probably two have been projected upon the sun's disc in their passage between the earth and sun; one has been seen near the sun during a total solar eclipse; some have appeared with tails of fabulous dimensions and brightness, with heads of wonderful brilliancy and size; some with condensed nucleus, others with a large nebulousity as a body. Some have computed periods of a hundred thousand years, with orbits indicating that they can never return to our system. Some have been visible for over a year; others have moved away with extraordinary rapidity. Some have their nearest

approach to the sun outside the orbit of the earth, or more than one hundred million miles from the sun; others have swung round the sun within less than one hundred thousand miles of its surface. Some come with little or no appendage; others have appeared with a brilliant sword-like tail. Some of the tails are straight, others are curved; and again the tails spread out like widely opened fans. Most of them have their tails directed from the sun when approaching, and when receding therefrom; a few have an unusual development of the envelope to the nucleus towards the sun, appearing almost as a tail. The tails of most comets present an apparently steady beam of light; others occasionally have a wavy pulsation along the tail, although instances of this phenomenon are not common, the most recent cases being the comets of 1853 and 1874. It is quite reasonable to suppose that this effect is due to unequal and disturbed refraction of the earth's atmosphere, when the comet is observed at low elevations.

The tails of comets generally form prolongations of the radii vectores; but the tail of the comet of 1577 deviated twenty-one degrees from the radius vector; and the tails of the comets III and IV of 1863 are said to have deviated from the planes of the orbits.

We have said that the periods of comets may extend to hundreds of thousands of years; and even comets of recent times have had periods of ten thousand, three thousand, etc., years ascribed to them. The interest of astronomers and physicists is generally drawn to these great comets mostly for their physical characteristics; but comets having periods limited to hundreds of years, of which some are doubtless very bright, have peculiar attractions to observer and computer. They seem like members of our astronomical family, and their elements are determined with the utmost solicitude. Concerning the comets of "short period," some very suggestive features are promptly recognized; but we may preface our remarks thereon, by saying that this branch of astronomy is so replete with interest, is so eagerly pursued, and

the methods of computation are so well understood, that whenever a newly discovered comet is announced, it is at once subjected to continuous observation. Within a few days its elements are roughly calculated therefrom; these are improved as later observations are introduced, until a comparatively close result is reached. The computation is made upon the supposition that the orbit is parabolic; and upon the slightest deviation from this curve its elliptical elements are discussed. The cometary records are carefully examined, so as to compare these elements with those of other comets on record. If any similarity is detected, the perturbations occasioned by the planets in the supposed interval are calculated, and the future course and period of the comet can be fairly predicted.

The character of the orbit of a comet involves the very interesting question, whether comets should be considered members of our solar system, or merely wanderers from the stellar spaces. If the orbit of a comet is elliptical, the body moving in this course must return at some period more or less remote; but if the orbit is a parabola, the comet cannot return, because the course does not turn back upon itself: the two branches extend into infinite space, and after perihelion, the visitor moves away from us forever. If the observations indicate that the orbit is a hyperbola the same result takes place. If comets belong to our system, it is not possible that they move in either of these last two curves. However, the period of observation is so short, the body is one upon which the most accurate pointings cannot be made; and the three curves are so nearly related at the point at which they are observed, that it is difficult to determine the difference between an orbital ellipse and parabola, in comets of excessively long period.

According to one theory accepted by many astronomers, comets enter our solar system from the regions of space, and move in parabolic or hyperbolic orbit around the sun; and if undisturbed by the attractions of the planets, pass off beyond the sun's attractive force, and become lost to us. If, however,

in their motion they should approach near any of the larger planets, their direction is changed by planetary perturbation, and their orbits may be changed to ellipses. Under such circumstances, the comet would pass very nearly through the points at which their greatest perturbations occur, and it follows that the aphelia of such comets should be near the orbits of the disturbing planets, if the resulting effect was a retardation of their motion. If the sum of the disturbing effects was an acceleration of its motion, then the comet would leave our system, and would certainly never return.

In the great majority of cases the retardation would be excessively small, and only the most refined observations and computations could determine its amount, unless the comet itself returned after a long period. It can be easily seen that the chances are enormously great against any comet passing near the large planets in their orbits, which are so great as to be incomprehensible, except as mere matters of numeration; and yet, whenever such a near approach should occur, it would be an even chance that a comet of short period would be added to the list of members of our system.

The velocity of a comet in its orbit determines the character of the orbit. If the velocity of a comet, at a point in its orbit equal to the mean distance of the earth from the sun, should be greater than twenty-six miles in a second of time, it would prove that the comet is moving in a parabolic curve, and the body would continue its course into space. The slightest retardation to this velocity would change the orbit into an ellipse, and it would essentially belong to our system. The calculated velocity of the large majority of comets is so near the limit demanded by the parabolic orbit, that it is not possible to decide from observations whether it falls short or exceeds it. Whenever an excess is indicated, it is so minute that the hyperbolic orbit cannot be confidently asserted: we can only say that, in such cases, it is possible the return of the comet may be delayed thousands of years.

Whilst the cometary masses are moving

through the stellar spaces, it must not be forgotten that our sun is also moving through the regions of space in which this cometary matter is supposed to be widely diffused. The sun attracts certain of these masses, and in their approach to that center some few of them must pass near Neptune, Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, or perhaps near some extra-Neptunian planet, by whose perturbation the cometary orbit may be changed and periodicity given thereto. If this be true, then the comets so affected should have their direction of motion changed to move in the same direction, (although not necessarily in the same pathway) with the planets; and this is so with the larger number. Moreover, if the transformed orbit of the comet has a small perihelion distance, the comet must have its aphelion near the point where it received its greatest planetary disturbance. Hence the aphelia of comets of short period ought to be found in the vicinity of the orbits of the larger planets. This law, if sustained, is a very important one in cometary physics; so far, it has such apparent confirmation, that the following tables are given to afford a comparison of the actual distances of these aphelia with the respective distances of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune:

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 5.20, the radius of the orbit of Jupiter.

	Comets and Meteors.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1818, II.	4.09	3.31	Pons, Encke.
2	1819, IV.	4.81	5.62	Blampain.
3	1844, I.	5.02	5.49	De Vico.
4	1783, I.	5.28	5.61	Pigott.
5	1867, II.	5.29	5.67	Tempel.
6	1743, I.	5.32	5.44	Grischnau.
7	1766, II.	5.47	5.95	Helfensrieda.
8	1819, III.	5.55	5.62	Winnecke, Pons.
9	1846, III.	5.64	5.58	Brorsen.
10	1851, II.	5.75	6.44	D'Arrest.
11	1843, III.	5.93	7.44	Faye.
12	1826, I.	5.19	6.67	Bicla, Montaigne.
13	Meteors, Nov. 27, '73,	Debris, Biela.		Weiss.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 9.54, the radius of the orbit of Saturn.

	Comets.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1846, VI.	9.45	12.8	Peters.
2	1858, I.	10.42	13.7	Tuttle.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 19.18, the radius of the orbit of Uranus.

	Comets and Meteors.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1867, I	19.28	33.62	Tempel.
2	1866, I	19.92	33.18	Tempel.
3	Meteors of Nov. 14.	19.65	33.35	Leverrier, Adams.

It is not improbable that the aphelion distances of the meteoric trains of April 20th, October 18th, and December 12th are nearly equal to the mean distances of Uranus.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 30.04, the radius of the orbit of Neptune.

	Comets.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1852, IV	31.97	67.70	Westphal.
2	1812	33.41	70.68	Pons.
3	1815	34.05	74.05	Olbers.
4	1846, IV	34.35	73.70	De Vico.
5	1847, V	35.97	74.97	Brorsen.
6	Halley	35.37	76.76	Halley.

The coincidences in the foregoing tables are too numerous to be accidental, and we are compelled to consider them the necessary consequences of the movement of our solar system through spaces occupied by meteoric matter; and if our knowledge of the orbits of periodic comets was greater, it might be possible to predict an approximate radius to an extra-Neptunian planet from the computed aphelia of cometary orbits of periods equal to that of the third comet of 1862, to which has been assigned a period of one hundred and twenty-three years, and an aphelion distance of about forty-nine. Corresponding very nearly to these figures, Schiaparelli gives the period and aphelion distance of the meteoric train August 10-11, so remarkable for the brilliancy and persistent trains of the individual meteors. The two systems seem to have a common origin.

We may fairly assume that cometary matter is not evenly distributed through space, and that it has a clustering tendency; in fact, its uniform distribution in the stellar spaces is highly improbable. So far as the records afford us data to estimate their numbers within given periods, the assumption is in har-

mony with the facts. Whenever our solar system is moving through space abounding in cometary masses, comets will frequently be visible to the naked eye; wherever the region is sparsely filled, the number will be small. The same law may be reasonably applied to telescopic comets. Leaving this question, however, as mainly speculative, we are brought to another, which is subject to actual observation and deduction.

The disintegration of comets is a problem of deep interest to the physicist, and leads to some remarkable conclusions. That comets do undergo remarkable physical changes as they approach and leave perihelion, is established beyond doubt; and we have examples to satisfy us that some of them even divide, and that each body then pursues its separate and independent orbit. The division of Biela's comet near its perihelion, in December, 1845, was a noted and well-determined example; and two astronomers, at different epochs of the comet *b*, 1881, have asserted the division of the nucleus into two parts, which appear to have reunited each time. This case is very difficult of explanation.

The historical record of double comets comes down from Ephoras, a Greek writer of the fourth century before Christ; and there appears no reasonable doubt concerning several remarkable apparitions having been occasioned by the division of the primitive nucleus into two or more bodies.

That known comets do decrease in brightness, seems also well established; and especially the bright comet of Halley, which is described in the ancient annals as having had extraordinary brilliancy.

But the most marvelous deduction from this disintegration is the probability that the great trains of periodic meteors are nothing more than the cometary matter left behind in the orbit of some comet, either existing as such, or appearing as meteoric matter. In other words, that the existence of a meteoric train indicates the partial or total breaking up of a cometary body having the same orbit. The subject has been quite fairly investigated, and we may only reproduce a few of the facts. The discovery that some comets

and meteors do actually move in the same orbits was first announced by the astronomer Schiaparelli, in 1867, when he showed that the meteors of November 14th had the same orbit as Tempel's comet of 1865. The orbit of this comet very nearly intersects that of the earth and of Uranus; the perihelion being situated immediately within the former, and the aphelion a short distance exterior to the latter. The periodic time is thirty-three and one quarter years; in fact, all the elements are essentially the same. The great showers of meteors in November, 1833, and in 1866, were really the remnants of this comet, which came into close proximity to Uranus in 547 B. C., when it is not improbable it was drawn into its present orbit by the attraction of that planet.

The next example is that of the meteors of August 10-11, which are remarkable as leaving long persistent trails of luminous vapor. Schiaparelli computed the orbit of this meteoric train, and found it to agree with that of the Comet II, 1862. The orbit of this comet is decidedly elliptic, and the period about one hundred and twenty-three years. Its perihelion is near the orbit of the earth, and its aphelion far beyond the orbit of Neptune, probably near the orbit of an extra-Neptunian planet.

The third striking case is afforded by the actual prediction of a meteoric shower on the night of November 27th, 1872; this arose from the disintegration of Biela's comet, in 1845. In 1852 the two comets were 1,500,000 miles apart. In 1872 the earth reached the point of crossing the comet's orbit two months after the calculated epoch; and, judging from analogy, there was every reason to suppose a stream of meteors would be trailing in the course of the comet. It was even computed that the meteors would be seen diverging from a certain radiant point in the constellation Andromeda. These predictions were verified in every particular; and we may look for future confirmation in future returns of the meteoric train.

Intimately related to this intensely interesting question is the possibility and probability that there may be two or even more

comets in one common orbit, or in orbits now nearly but originally identical. It is barely possible that the comet δ , 1881, may be following in the path of the great comet of 1807, as the elements of both are very similar; although both comets may be identical with the great comet of 1733, seen at the Cape of Good Hope. And it seems highly probable that the comets of 1812 and 1846 IV, both visible for a long time to the naked eye, had a common origin, because their orbits are almost identical. See list of Class IV.

Another subject of great interest connected with the comets of short period is the problem of a resisting medium throughout space. To Encke's comet, which is now probably within reach of our telescopes, has been attached very great importance, because it has been observed at more than twenty returns since its first discovery by Méchain, at Paris, in 1786; and because it has suffered a continued diminution of periodicity, as predicted, from nearly 1213 days at 1786 to 1208 days at the next apparition in 1881. In order to account for this gradual diminution of two and a half hours in its period, after allowance for planetary influence, Encke conjectured the existence of a thin, ethereal medium, sufficiently dense to produce an effect on a body of such extreme tenuity as the comet in question, but incapable of exercising any sensible influence on the movements of the planets. This explanation of a resisting medium has been warmly canvassed at different times; and, so far from commanding universal assent, the exhaustive researches of Prof. Axel Möller, on the period of Faye's comet, condemn it, and point to the active perturbing forces, which have not been taken account of in the discussion. If Encke's theory were sound, the comet would be ultimately precipitated upon the sun. Möller's researches warrant a few words in explanation. Faye discovered a comet of short period in 1843, and it has been observed at each return, to the present time. Its period is seven years and five months, and the perihelion is exterior to the orbit of Mars, and the aphelion immediately beyond that of Jupiter.

Its period was marked by irregularities, and from each amended orbit the perturbations of Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus were computed. He also introduced Encke's theory of a resisting medium, because it seemed that some such hypothesis was needed to explain the motion of the comet. This conclusion naturally attracted the attention of astronomers, because the comet at no time approaches the sun within the earth's mean distance; and the effect of a resisting medium could hardly have been expected to have appreciable effect on the comet's motion. But after further researches, and additional refinement in the computation of planetary perturbations, he announced the impossibility of resistance to the motion of the comet from the ethereal medium, and expressed himself satisfied that the observations at the first three observed appearances were perfectly accordant, without any hypothesis whatever. This conclusion was the legitimate deduction from the introduction of one refinement after another, and wading through a vast mass of computations of difficult and laborious character. He has rigorously calculated all the perturbations from 1838 to 1881, and has successfully accounted for every change of the elements of the comet from planetary disturbances alone. The existence of a resisting ethereal medium may therefore be considered settled in the negative.

Beyond the study of comets of short period, the attention of astronomers and physicists is now principally drawn to the study of the physical constitution of comets.

Regarding the constitution of comets, the opinions of astronomers have been very much modified in recent years. Herschel says that the ill-defined nebulous mass of light, called the head, being usually much brighter towards the center, offers the appearance of a vivid nucleus, like a star or planet; and later on, he says that it is reasonable to suppose that those physical sciences relating to the imponderable elements may, ere long, enable us to declare whether it is really matter, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, which is projected

from their heads with such extravagant velocity. The smaller comets appear as vaporous masses, more dense towards the center, yet devoid of anything which seems entitled to be called a solid body. Stars of the smallest size remain distinctly visible through the densest part of the nucleus. Even the larger comets can only be regarded as great masses of thin vapor, susceptible of being penetrated through their whole substance by the sunbeams, and reflecting them alike from their interior parts and from their surfaces. It is not necessary to resort to any phosphorescent quality to account for this phenomenon, when we consider the enormous magnitude of the space thus illuminated, and the extremely small mass which there is ground to attribute to these bodies. The most unsubstantial clouds must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and almost spiritual texture of the comet. And later on, he adds, that the tail of a great comet may, for aught we can tell, consist of only a very few pounds, or even ounces, of matter. These are extreme views, in the direction of an almost incomprehensible tenuity of matter.

Tait suggests that the head and tail of the comet are made up of masses of meteoric matter, and he reasons that the impacts of these various masses upon one another cause the light in the head; masses impinging upon one another with the velocities revealed in the study of cosmical physics will produce several effects: incandescence, melting, the development of glowing gas, the crushing of both bodies, and smashing them up into fragments or dust, with a great variety of velocity for the several parts. Some parts of them may be set moving very much faster than before; others may be thrown out of the race altogether, by having their motions suddenly checked, or may even be driven backwards: so that this mode of looking at the subject will enable us to account for the jets of light which suddenly rush out from the head of the comet, and appear gradually to be blown backwards; whereas, in fact, they are checked partly by impacts upon other particles, and partly by the comet's attraction. He

says the observations up to 1874 indicated that the tail of a comet gives a spectrum like that of the moon or other body illuminated by sunlight; but that the head of the comet gives a spectrum which indicates the presence of glowing hydrogen gas, that is not continuous, but consisting of three bright bands.

Kirkwood says that "comets are many thousand times rarer than the earth's atmosphere"; but offers no explanation or proof of his supposition.

Newcomb says that the simplest form of a cometary body is seen in telescopic comets, which consist of minute particles of a cloudy or vaporous appearance. Clouds and vapor are composed of minute particles of water, and smoke of very minute particles of carbon. Analogy would lead us to suppose that the telescopic comets are of this same constitution. They are generally tens of thousands of miles in diameter, and yet of such tenuity that the smallest stars are seen through them. The only alternative to this theory is, that the comet is a mass of true gas, continuous through its whole extent. He considers, however, that there are several insuperable difficulties to this theory. In the first place, the elastic force of such a gas would cause it to expand beyond all limits when placed where there is absolutely no pressure to confine it. Again: a gas cannot shine by its own light until it is heated to a temperature far above any that can possibly exist at distances from the sun so great as the comets examined. Finally, if a purely gaseous comet were broken up and dissipated, as in Biela's comet, it is hardly possible to suppose that it would separate into innumerable widely detached pieces. He therefore regards this theory as unsatisfactory. In the case of the large comets, he admits differences of phenomena from what are seen in spectroscopic comets. Whether it is a solid body or a dense mass of the same materials as the smaller comets, there can be no doubt but that it is composed of some substance which is vaporized by the heat of the solar rays. Concerning the tail, he says the movements thereof indicate that there is an evaporating

process going on from the nucleus of the comet. That the tail cannot be an appendage which the comet carried along with it, because it cannot be possible that there could be any cohesion in a mass of matter of such tenuity that the smallest stars can be seen through millions of miles of it; because it changes its form; and because in the comet's flight round the sun in its immediate neighborhood, the tail moves with a rapidity which would tear it to pieces, and send the separate parts flying off in hyperbolic orbits, were the movement real. Therefore, he concluded that the tail is not a fixed appendage of the comet, but a stream of vapor rising from it like smoke from a chimney.

These opinions indicate the unsatisfactory condition of our knowledge of the cometary matter; and it remains to be seen whether more definite results are forthcoming from the observations upon the comet *b*, of 1881. As many of the features of this comet bear a great family resemblance to the phenomena of those seen in Donati's comet, 1858, Tebbut's comet of 1861, and Coggia's comet of 1874, and as we have personally followed many of the changes, we purpose to give a condensed general description thereof.

At the time of our earliest observations, the nucleus of the comet was moderately well defined, and the surrounding envelopes marked by apparently different densities. At first the comet was too near the horizon for minute observation. Subsequently, the sharpness of the nucleus had a moderately well-defined disc; three great broad beams of light stretched out from the nucleus towards the sun, within an arc of one hundred and twenty degrees, to the denser and outer line of the first envelope; and there spread out in a broader arc, just as we see in some of the great sun-flames where the projected glowing gas seems to reach a given altitude, and then spreads out with a curvature concentric with the disc. Outside of this envelope was a fainter and a second envelope, beyond which was some little diffuseness. Thence the envelopes streamed away from the sun, merging and gradually changing their direction. When the comet was between its western

elongation and its lower transit, the eastern line of the tail was nearly straight, but the western border was decidedly curved westward, and broadened. Through the part of the tail near the nucleus was the well-marked line of shadow of that body, but no phase of the nucleus could be detected; whilst a comparison of the east and west sides of the tail in the region of this shadow (at *sub polo* transit) indicated that the western or following beam was the brighter.

Upon another night we found the three beams of light replaced by a sector of bright light directed towards the sun, and measured by an arc of about one hundred and twenty degrees. The curved outline of this sector was also the boundary or limit of the first envelope, which then swept around on either side, until it was merged into the light from the outer envelope, not so sharply defined as before. The shadow of the nucleus was still visible, but no phase of the nucleus was perceptible. A comparison with the planet Uranus indicated that the disc of the nucleus of the comet was hardly less sharp than that of the planet.

Upon another night the spread of light was wholly changed in brightness and position. It extended to nearly the same distance from the nucleus as on the previous night; but it was shaped somewhat like the old battle-ax, faced towards the west, and nearly at right-angles to a radius drawn towards the sun. It was uniformly bright and comparatively dense, and apparently cast a faint shadow extending from the nucleus to its western extremity, but not stretching far into the tail from the extremity to the nucleus. We could not trace any difference in intensity between the shadow of this irregular sector and that of the nucleus; nor could we, with certainty, follow the shadow of the nucleus farther than that of both.

Again, upon another night, a great and striking change had occurred. There was a beam of light projected from the nucleus in a direction thirty or forty degrees west from the line from the sun. This projected beam did not fan out at the outer extremity; on the contrary, it decreased to a small rounded ter-

mination not quite equal to the distance of the first envelope on a previous night. Almost on the opposite side of the nucleus a bright beam was stretching from the radial line to the sun, at the same angle as the other beam. It fanned out at what was ill-defined as the first envelope. The outer envelope faded away more gradually, but had a fairly defined boundary. We could detect no shadow of the nucleus or beam.

Through succeeding nights the activity of the body rapidly sank. The nucleus was apparently decreasing in size—a more nebulous light surrounded it. The first envelope was toned down again into the second, and the outer boundary of all was not sharply defined. The apparent difference of intensity of the two parts of the tail was still maintained, but in a rapidly failing degree.

These observations, made with an equatorial of six and one-third inches, with powers ranging at times to two hundred, indicated that great and important physical changes were rapidly and continually taking place in the body or nucleus of the comet; that the apparently projected gaseous matter reached a certain elevation which marked the extent of the first envelope, and then spread out as a spherical surface, until it apparently trailed in the conical line of the tail. The second envelope had apparently no such connection with the nucleus as within the first envelope. With a great telescope located at an elevation of ten thousand feet, upon our Pacific Coast mountains, there is no doubt but these wonderful physical changes could have been systematically followed, and possibly deciphered, with the aid of the spectroscope.

The nucleus of the comet indicated that it was a sphere or mass of self-luminous matter, because it had no phase; and yet it was not sufficiently luminous to lighten up the dark shade one diameter from itself.

The projection of great gas volumes from the nucleus, as the comet approaches the sun, and its behavior like the great gaseous outbursts from the sun itself, would indicate that the material of the comet must bear some analogy to that of the sun's surface.

That these gaseous outbursts may carry matter, in perhaps small masses, beyond the attractive force of the comet, and thence that they should lag behind in the orbit of the comet, but not in the line of its tail, seems not only probable, but proven by the coincidence of the orbits of certain comets and periodic meteors.

If these cometary bodies were dense material, they would not suffer such great perturbations from the planets of the system; and we know that one comet, which possibly encountered the moons of Jupiter, had its orbit so changed that it may never be seen again.

Concerning the spectrum of the comet, we can only say, that with a direct star-spectroscope of limited power we could only make out a faint apparently continuous spectrum; that upon this was superimposed three broad bands much more distinct; and at intervals a fourth bright band, towards the blue end, would flit in from one side of the spectrum. At times it was difficult to separate the bands, and the difficulty increased as the comet receded.

In the recently published accounts from the Eastern observatories, it seems that a spectrum with faint dark lines was obtained with a superimposed band-spectrum. This consisted of the usual three bands, but both the upper and lower bands, although individually bright, were very ill defined. Young considers that it is now absolutely certain that the comet spectrum is not the second spectrum of carbon, nor is he sure that it is first, although the coincidences are very remarkable and close, and although the peculiar appearance of the upper and lower bands when the comet was brightest remains unexplained.

Draper, Huggins, Christie, and others also believe that the indications point to the development of a hydro-carbon in the nucleus, when the comet approaches perihelion; but the difficulty of the examination with such a faint object seems to prove the work upon the present comet as tentative. It will doubtless lead to the devising of better methods and means for the next opportunity.

VOL. IV—23.

We have already shown what various and unsatisfactory views are held in regard to the exhibition of the tail of the comet. No theory approaches an explanation, and the repulsion theory of Bessel is unsupported by any analogous case in the cosmos. In reviewing the subject, we addressed (about the middle of July) a letter upon the subject to the superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and also to two astronomers on the Atlantic coast. From this letter we make the following extract, as indicating a novel view of the question:

"In studying the physical phenomena of the tail of this and other great comets, their extraordinary, rapid, and abnormal development, their incomprehensible sweep around the sun, wherein the translation of matter must have exceeded 110,000 miles per second of time (comets of 1680 and 1843), I have arrived at the following hypothesis: That cometary matter must be emitted from the nucleus of the comet, as necessitated by the rapid changes and the development and formation of the envelope when approaching the sun; that part of such matter may follow in the course of the comet; and that the principal and probably the only cause for the exhibition of the coma and the tail is, that *the light-rays from the sun, in passing through the matter of the envelopes surrounding the nucleus so intensely heated when the comet is close to the sun, become so changed in their wave-lengths, that the ETHEREAL MEDIUM ITSELF BECOMES LUMINOUS and VISIBLE in the prolonged line of their passage.*

"In my judgment, this hypothesis, or some modification of it, will account for many and perhaps all the phenomena referred to; may embrace some of the unexplained phenomena of the corona of the sun; and possibly some of those of the zodiacal light. It overcomes the hitherto insurmountable difficulty of the actual translation of matter at such enormous [velocities, and under such unexplainable conditions."

It seems reasonable to suppose, that if a comet could exist, and project through space such quantities of luminous matter as appar-

ently form the tail, and at such great velocities, then it is much more rational to suppose that the corpuscular theory of Newton is correct; and yet that has been completely overthrown, and the undulatory theory of Young accepted. We know that the light of the sun and of the stars reaches our eyes, but no one supposes for a moment that there has been any translation of matter involved; on the contrary, we are assured that the ethereal medium has been put in motion, and this mode of motion, in reaching the retina and optic nerve, has modified the existing wave-length of the nerve force, and given us the sensation of light. Even the different wave-lengths of this apparently homogenous celestial light are exhibited by different colors to our sight, by further refraction through a

prism; and certainly there has been no transmission of matter in either case. We know, also, that when any of the great and sudden outbursts of sun-flames occur upon the surface of the sun, the effect is instantaneously felt by the magnetic needles over the face of the earth, they being *visible, and bodily deflected* from their normal positions, and constrained by this extra-solar influence. Here, too, it is certain that no matter has been transmitted from the sun to the earth; the ethereal medium alone has been thrown into another condition of vibration. Hence there seems no exaggeration, and no violence to existing facts, in supposing that this ether may be so excited as to become luminous and visible; on the contrary, it would only be another manifestation of cosmical law.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XXV.

It seems that the Gazelle was born in Spain; the daughter of a Spanish mother and an English father. She was now twenty-two years of age; having some four years previous first met Julius Blair in France. He was a merchant in reputable standing, a zealous patron of music and the fine arts; and, because of his culture and wealth, much courted in society. He boarded at the same hotel where the Gazelle was living, at this time, with an uncle that had adopted her, and was giving her the best educational opportunities that Paris afforded. This uncle was a physician; and it was his favorite pastime to instruct his niece in medicine. Being a man of great erudition and skill, and excessively fond of his niece, who was to him as a daughter, he early set his heart upon her becoming mistress of the grand secrets of his professional success. Notwithstanding her tender years, he finally pronounced her worthy, should she devote her life to his calling, to receive his mantle upon her

shoulders. Suddenly he died. It was his intention to leave his property to his niece; but, neglecting to so provide, the whole descended to his heirs, and she was left penniless. It was now that Blair found opportunity to successfully press his suit. Hitherto his brilliant powers of fascination had been unavailing. Soon they were betrothed, causing not a little commotion in the social circle in which the distinguished gallant moved. Blair at this time had several trading-ships plying between Paris and New York. It was in one of these that they determined to take passage for the latter city, to place the Gazelle for a season in care of a female relative residing there. During the voyage Blair urged an earlier marriage than the Gazelle was willing to consent to. Finding that she was unyielding in her decision, he employed threats in the place of entreaties. Greatly to his surprise, he immediately discovered that the girl that he had supposed would quietly submit to his will was not only obdurate, but defiant. Perceiving this, he secretly commanded the ship to bring them

to land at Panama. Once set down in a land of strangers, he believed that, in case gentle persuasion should not reconcile the *Gazelle* to his wish, her helpless situation would effect this purpose. Blair was not a beast. He could not exercise brute force against a woman. It was his theory, that no woman could long withstand his exceptional powers of persuasion. Such a one as his present companion was to him a new being and a sore disappointment. The *Gazelle*, though strongly influenced by him when in his presence, had never wholly loved him. Had she not been left alone, she would undoubtedly have denied his suit. She had relatives at home; to them she might have returned. So artful and persistent was her suitor, however, that she finally decided to engage herself to him, and, as he advised, to spend a season with a wealthy aunt in New York. This decision was excusable. She had never heard Blair spoken of in any but the highest terms; and she well knew that many a lady of high social position would not have hesitated to accept the offer she had somewhat reluctantly entertained. Her conduct at first was hasty, but subsequently marked by deliberation and firmness. When she became aware of Blair's treachery, her heart rebelled at the very sight of him. On one occasion, her scorn drove him to so great desperation that he commanded her to choose between reconciliation and death. It was a terrible test of fortitude. Alone on the open sea, the helpless girl was wholly at the enraged monster's mercy. Everything but eternal justice was in his favor. It was a cruelly one-sided contest; but when the crisis came, the strong man shrank back, covered with confusion.

Arriving at Panama, Blair offered to relinquish all claims upon his prisoner, provided she would again take ship, and go to New York according to her first intention. She would not trust him, however; and, throwing herself upon the protection of a countryman to whom her necessity was made known, she entered his family. Blair gave her to understand that he should immediately return to France. Presently news came of the gold

discovery; when, purchasing a supply of drugs, the little doctress set sail for California, with a Spaniard and his wife—honest people, recommended by those with whom she had lately made her home. She had been in California but a few months, when suddenly Blair made his appearance. He did set sail with the intention of returning to Paris; but soon changed his mind, and returned to Panama. He could not make up his mind to lose the maid that above others had captivated his fickle but passionate nature. Learning that she had taken passage to the land of gold, he followed, lured both by her charms and by the prospect of exciting adventure. Once more seizing upon the flown bird, he swore that he would never be far separated from her; and that if she would not become his wife, she should never become the wife of another. The determination of the *Gazelle* was fixed and unalterable. She thrust him from her with continued scorn. Baffled for the first time in his life, the adventurer now sought diversion in the mines; while the girl whom he had wooed but not won remained with the Spanish woman, who acted as her protectress. Not long after, this woman sickened and died leaving the *Gazelle* with no friend but the husband of the deceased. He, however, proved a friend indeed. Leaving her to gain a living by the practice of her profession, he went into the mines. Here it was that he became acquainted with Blair, and became a member of the company to which the latter belonged. They were successful, and soon the *Gazelle* began to receive occasional remittances of gold. Her wants were so supplied; but she led a sad and lonely life. Never (be it said to the honor of the gold-seekers of early days) did she receive a disrespectful word from another than the man that had compelled her to the life she was leading. She had won many acquaintances that would be only too glad to defend her in any cause in which she might be engaged. She was safe from molestation by Julius Blair; and none other had the heart to do aught but kindness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Great was the astonishment at Camp Harrington when James, preceding the others, rode up, and dismounting from his horse, bowed himself like a sapling before the gale, saying gravely: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Blair." Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Monroe embraced each other in silence; the Doctor grasped Blair with both hands, and roared as if he had studied in Bashan. Mrs. Durgin looked astoundedly sweet, like a robin when another robin has picked up her crumb; Ensign bared his finely proportioned head; Uncle Lish squinted into the furthestmost recesses of the cerulean realm; while Mose, with his arms close to his sides, military fashion, covered and uncovered his glistening teeth with the rapidity and brilliance of sheet-lightning in a dark night.

"Cap'ain," said the trapper, when it came his turn to offer congratulations, "Cap'ain, I'll be derved ef I blame you."

Mose was more profuse.

"Lor' presume upon us, Massa Blair!" he cried; "how you spect dis mortal nigger to kitchenify to dat seraphim? She is de rose of Sharon, and her bref am spices from de cedars of Kedar and de tents of Lebanon."

The Captain and his lady did not join their companions any too soon. In a few days the snow was about five feet deep on a level. Work was suspended, and the time given up to social enjoyment. The hours did not come and go unladen with sorrows, particularly in the experience of Mrs. Monroe; still, a happier circle of friends could not have been found in the pleasant homes of civilization.

Now and then a miner strayed in upon them, and passed a jolly hour; as a rule, however, our friends were left to themselves.

One day, when the snow lay deepest upon the ground, Mose discovered that he had no more flour. As a punishment for his negligence, Blair dispatched him on snowshoes to the nearest trading-post. Two days passed, and Mose did not return. At length, on the afternoon of the third day, he came

back, wild with drink, bringing nothing but a half-emptied whisky bottle in his flourishing hands.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" demanded Blair. "Where is the flour?"

"Lor', Massa," replied Mose, setting the bottle down heavily on his rough table, "do you spect dis nigger to 'member ebryting?"

Mose's wit saved him. He was sent to sleep, while Uncle Lish went for the supply that he had forgotten.

At last, after a long and memorable winter, came March, ushering in the warm air of spring. Wonderful reports of success were now heard from numberless quarters; but our party had determined to follow the advice of Uncle Lish, and go to the mines on the Middle Fork, not far from where the Mormons had worked some eighteen months previous. There was gold still where they were, but more in the locality referred to. Furthermore, it was proposed to dam the stream; and it was necessary to begin operations at the season of the year when the water was low. A long day's journey in a northerly direction from Weber's Creek brought our friends to their new home. They missed the tall oaks and cypresses and the great ravines to which they had been for so many months accustomed; but were glad to exchange them for a region equally romantic that would yield more gold. The first leaves were draping the steep sides of the ravines with a mantle of brightest green, and the wild flowers were blooming in rich profusion.

"Now, then, for the long-neglected cradles," said Blair.

Day after day our favored company toiled on, often with astonishing success. Now and then came a discouraging twelve hours' work; but fortune was certainly extremely partial to them. The third week they struck a vein, some fifteen feet below the surface, that yielded them twenty thousand dollars. It was eight inches wide, consisting of scale gold, and running through a stratum of hard clay. Life was busier and harder than at Camp Harrington. The men now came in at night with wet feet and aching bones.

The food was not wholesome. They had lived too long upon hard bread and salt pork. The drinking-water was nothing more than the washing of the numberless cradles in use above them. The inconveniences and exposures of the average miner at last fell to their share. There were two physicians in attendance now, however, instead of one; and every means for the preservation of health was employed. James Swilling's old slouch hat lopped lower and lower each day, as he rocked the grating cradle; but, unlike many a poor fellow, he escaped prostration. The Doctor lost forty pounds of his jelly-like person. This did not seriously harm him, but it raised his laugh from a base to a baritone. Blair, on the other hand, actually thrived. He allowed no man to outwork him. His buoyant spirits rose above every difficulty. Busy both with hands and brain, he was the controlling spirit, treating his labors as if they were no more weighty than pastimes. The white tents and bough cabins of hundreds of miners were scattered in plain sight. The stream was alive with human beings, delving vigorously in the precious sand. Whatever took place outside, here reigned industry, sobriety, and peace.

In the fall of '50, our friends, employing a large gang of laborers, dug a canal and drained a portion of the bed of the stream. It was an immense project; but fortune still guided the councils of Blair and the trapper. When the work was completed, the company decided to disband and return, one member excepted, to their homes in the East. A round half-million of dollars was divided equally among them; princely sums being awarded to the trapper and Mose. Uncle Lish would not accept the half that was offered him.

"That's plenty, Cap'ain," he said to Blair. "I can't use the quarter on't, unless suthin' happens to the old gun. I've had my pay in bein' allowed to serve under you. Just think a good thing of the old trapper while ye live, and we are squar'."

Blair urged him to accompany him East, where he should spend his days with every

comfort to be procured. Uncle Lish would not listen to this. The last seen of him, he was striding slowly away; the rifle upon his shoulder, glistening brighter only than his gray locks streaming backward in the breeze.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the summer of 1860, a gentleman and his son arrived at Sacramento. It was evident, from inquiries that the father made, that he was a Bostonian, in search of a relative that had been for some years a resident of California. He was a middle-aged man of prepossessing appearance; while the boy, a bright-eyed lad, could not have been more than nine years old. The two appeared to be greatly interested in Sacramento and its immediate vicinity. They walked and rode about town, and out into the country for several days; finally, having ascertained the probable place of residence of him whom they were seeking, they started for the North Fork of the Feather River. Upon reaching a locality now known as Rich Bar, they received the following information:

"Yes, I reckon he's the very cuss," said an old miner, in a manner more complimentary than his language. "Never heered no sich name as you mention; but the man, I hain't no doubts on. There hain't many put up, you know, stranger, in 'zactly his partic'lar style. We always call him 'Lankey'; but what's the odds if he's the chap? He buys a good deal of his grub right in there at the Weasel Skin; and—well, the fact of the business is, there's no use in talking—he is the boy; and a right smart sort of a feller you'll find him. He is good on the spout; talks straight to the mark without a rest. Yes, sir, that's Lankey. He don't handsome much; but he carries a heap of books in his head. Now, you just take that pack-trail and follow up for about five mile, and you'll strike him, dead sure. If you don't, why, drop in when you come back, and I'll beg your parding."

The stranger, having made inquiry of oth-

ers, all of whom confirmed the opinion above given, set out in the direction indicated. It was a lonely ride; not altogether easy, but novel and interesting. About four o'clock in the afternoon he reached a shanty made of rough boards, around which two or three wild-looking children were disporting. As soon as these shy creatures observed the travelers, they slipped from sight.

"Do you suppose those young people are your cousins, Clarence?" asked the father.

"If so," returned the lad, "I am sorry. It can't be; for they are regular Indians."

"And there is their mother," continued the other.

"Father!" exclaimed the boy, "we must have made a mistake!"

The father's eyes shone with the same sportive light that the reader detected in them upon making Mortimer Blair's acquaintance, as he appeared some eleven years previous to the present date. He was then the protector of his humbly born and eccentric cousin; and again we meet him with the same generous impulses, in pursuit of the same object.

"You must raise your hat to the lady, Clarence," said he, as they approached the placid-looking and—strange to say—cleanly attired mistress of the house.

"I can't," responded Clarence.

It was not easy to understand what the squaw said; but as closely as her meaning could be guessed, her liege lord was near by and would soon return. Clarence was somewhat stupefied with amazement; still, his boyish curiosity could not rest satisfied until he had dismounted and made a brief study of his dusky relatives, as they crept forth from beneath the house. He could not catch them, any more than he could four-legged little animals, but he gave them a sharp chase. He was so engaged when a tall man, coarsely clad, and with an enormous quantity of unkempt hair and whiskers, strode up to him. Taking his gun from his shoulder, he placed it upon the ground, and with one of his long hard fingers raised the hat from off Clarence's brow.

"If there isn't Blair blood in your veins, my boy," said he, "with a little sprinkle of

old Spain, I am not James Swilling (that was) of Swansea, New Hampshire. Own up, you blessed little rascal!" he cried, catching the boy in his lean, wiry arms, and throwing him onto his shoulder.

"I confess it," responded Clarence, who had not the least idea what was going to be done with him. "And you didn't give me any chance to shake hands with you."

"Hurrah!" shouted the Californian, whirling poor Clarence twice round his head, and finally depositing him in the shanty, right side up. "Come out from behind there, Cousin Mortimer, I could see you through a meetin'-house."

Blair came forward; and such flourishes as the augural, awkward, overjoyed master of the house now performed had never before been witnessed by his silent and sable spouse.

"Where in thunder—how in thunder—what brought you here, you glorious old sinner from the States!" he cried, embracing Blair until Clarence feared for his father's safety.

"I have come, James," answered Blair—"you know what for."

"Ah," replied the other more solemnly, "none of that. Don't say anything about the old folks that will start the briny drops."

"No, no; the old people still live."

"Hallelujah!"

"James, you must go home with us."

A strange blank look came upon the exile's countenance. He drooped his head in silence. At length he raised it, and pulling off his great silver-bowed spectacles, said:

"Cousin Mortimer, I haven't heard a word from old Swansea in five years. We are dead to one another."

"For shame!" spoke Blair, in his authoritative manner. "You may be dead enough, but there are hearts in Swansea keenly alive to you."

"Yes, yes, I'm in fault. But the old folks live comfortably on the little means I sent 'em, don't they?"

"They cannot be reconciled to your absence. Everything is well with them; but

there is no substitute for the loss of an only son."

"I know it—I know it," answered James, crossing his legs very nervously for one of his deliberate movements. "Wait awhile, though, Cousin Mortimer, don't rush in on a fellow so. Call in the boy. I want to see him."

It was a great relief to the speaker to hug Clarence for his mother's sake. He did not dare to mention her. His recollections were very tender towards her; and then there was another of whom he knew Blair would soon speak. Poor James again found himself under the control of his boyhood days. He thought he had wiped them pretty cleanly from memory; but now the old scenes and the old faces rose up before him, with all the distinctness of the early time. He was ashamed of his weakness. A pioneer he was, a sturdy son of the Sierra. It would not do for him to come completely under control of the emotions at this moment disturbing his hero's breast.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, smiling faintly, and trying to appear composed, "like your worthy self, I chose for my mate a brunette—a shade darker, perhaps—what do ye think?"

"You must have had a handful of black sand in your eyes, didn't you, James, when you led this pensive lady to the altar?"

"Torment the shadowy jade!" exclaimed James, again smiling, again crossing his legs, and again removing his glasses. "Squills! here! dinner in a minute!"

"I call her Squills," he continued, as the squaw moved submissively to the rear of the shanty, "because that was the name of the most unpalatable dose memory could muster. After all, Cousin Montiner, the creature has saved me a deal of dish-washing. It took some time to break her in; but the world, you remember, wasn't made in a day."

"Your house is certainly very quiet and comfortably arranged," said Blair.

"It beats no house at all. That is as sure as you live. Why, you haven't seen the kids, have you? Well, let them go until morning. You can't see 'em very well so late in the af-

ternoon, any way. They require a strong light."

Blair could not determine whether to laugh or not. James Swilling was the drollest-looking mortal to be found among the motley miners of the hills. His long sharp nose was all that was left of his face below the eyes; and then his gestures, as well as his form and features, could be conceived in their utter ludicrousness only by an eye-witness. Blair contemplated the Californian for some time in silence. He appeared to be lost in thought, thus giving him an excellent opportunity to study him at leisure. At last he determined to break the spell, by pronouncing the one name that had never failed to command James's serious attention. He was prevented, however; for—discerning his purpose, perhaps—James spoke first:

"And what kind of a jigger," said he, "are you going to tell me about Ensign, Doctor Durgin and his wife, and Mrs. Monroe?"

"The Doctor and his wife live in New York," was the reply.

"He must weigh something like a ton now, don't he?"

"He is very heavy, and laughs louder than ever."

"I got to liking Mrs. Durgin right well, at last. How the woman changed! Ah, Cousin Mortimer, how we all changed when you brought the Gazelle to live among us! Tell me all about her. Hang on it, I can't hold off any longer!"

"Not quite yet; I must first tell you that Mrs. Monroe is now—"

"Mrs. Ensign!" interrupted James.

"She is none other; and a most magnificent woman."

"Of course. I knew she never could forget the pale face of Ensign, after he all but starved to death for her sake. Glorious! glorious days were those at Camp Harrington! Why in the world haven't you asked for Uncle Lish, to say nothing about Mose?"

"I was biding your own good time. We have several persons yet to touch upon."

"I must tell you a characteristic yarn about Uncle Lish," broke forth James, vigorously;

for he was too wary to permit Blair to make his intended attack upon him. "Something like two years ago, Uncle Lish came to see me. I had an affair to settle with some fellows that had jumped one of my claims, and, knowing where he was, sent for him. As I said, he came; but not an inch into my cabin. 'I'll go over thar and squar' up with them hounds,' said he; 'but I can't stomach any Injin in mine.' I positively believe he would like to have taken Squills's scalp, and made off with it."

"He worked well for you, though, did he not?"

"That he did. I got sixty-one buckshot in my body; but we called 'em."

"Did what?"

"Called 'em—made 'em come to the center—prove up."

"I understand," replied Blair. Undoubtedly the elder Blair did understand; but Clarence appeared to be greatly mystified.

"Yes," continued James, "they gave me the contents of two double-barreled shot-guns. That let me out; but Uncle Lish finished the circus satisfactorily. See here," said the speaker, rolling up his sleeves, and pointing to scar after scar. "Plenty of 'em there yet; plenty of marks, and not a few shot buried beneath."

"It is only through infinite mercy that you still live, James," said Blair.

"I am well aware of it," replied the other. "I've been killed several times since you left for the States. But I was going to tell you a word about Mose. The old rascal is in his nineties, and I don't know how much more; but still active and tricky and chivalrous as the last day you saw him. I should have thought that you would have hunted him up in Sacramento. He lives there, surrounded by cats and chickens without number."

"I supposed he was dead long ago."

"Not he. I reckon him good for a half-century yet. After we broke up on Mohala Bar, he drifted about for a short time in the mines, then returned to Sacramento. He soon lost all his money gambling. Yes, they froze the old fellow completely out, and drove him to boot-blackening. He followed this 'pro-

fession,' as he termed it, until the Chinamen took to it; when he flung away his brushes, as if their very touch was polluting."

"He had a fight once a day, regularly, did he not?"

"They tell marvelous stories about his warrior-like achievements; and many of them are undoubtedly true. To be honest, I don't hear from Sacramento oftener than once in six months, except through the papers. Cousin Mortimer, I am a retired man; a philosopher of the open-air school; a returner to the primitive paths. Squills bears indubitable evidence to my sincerity."

James thrust his hands through his furious shock of hair; and now, being well-warmed, abandoned all his miner's phraseology and discoursed handsomely upon politics, science, and religion; interspersing his disquisitions with many a fine quotation from the poets, ancient and modern. Blair had always recognized his cousin's ability, but was now greatly surprised at his extensive information, cogent reasoning, and command of language. The contrast between the interior and exterior of the miner was so great that his listener could scarcely believe his ears. He would gladly have heard him until the sun dropped from sight, but Squills now announced that the meal was prepared. One by one the three little half-breeds stole in and seated themselves on the reversed buckets by the side of their silent mother; while the master of the house and his relatives from the States took their positions about the rude board, directly opposite.

"You must have employed your leisure hours profitably, James," said Blair.

"Yes, I believe I have. You will find in those boxes, over there, more solid reading-matter than you might expect from a glance at your humble servant. And the one to be thanked is that lovely being whom you have left behind. Since the day that I looked for the last time upon the Gazelle I have not tasted a drop of liquor, except when it was positively necessary to save my life."

The speaker here bowed his shocked and shocking head, and repeated, as if saying grace, the following words:

"Graceful form and motion, finely turned hands, without a blemish, and sparkling with diamonds—these I saw, these only; and what do they all amount to?"

Having so spoken, James raised his spectacled eyes to his guest, and asked, "Cousin Mortimer, do you remember to have heard anything like that language?"

"I dimly recall something of the kind," replied Blair, smiling. "If I mistake not, then came the voice of a youthful prophet, crying in the wilderness of the Oro, in the days of '49, saying, 'I think they go a great way towards making life pleasant.'"

"True—true," returned James. "I owe my salvation to your mother, my boy," he added, turning benevolently toward Clarence.

"I love my mother," answered the lad; "and I shall not forget to tell her what you have just said."

"That's a good fellow; and I will give you more to say, before we part."

"Before we part?" repeated the elder Blair.

But James gave him no time to speak further. "You can't say," he began, "that this is not a snug little spot, Cousin Mortimer. I raise everything that a human being ought to eat. The air and the water are unsurpassed. True, there are some little drawbacks, in comparison with Boston, as far as polite advantages are concerned; but a man can live a grand life in this same nest among the hills. Nature has done her best for us. I'll show you round in the morning."

"Thank you," responded Blair, quietly. He perceived that it would require all his energies to tear James away from his wild, health-giving California home.

The following day, leaving Clarence behind, James Swilling and Mortimer Blair again found themselves alone among the gold-hills. Old times were lived over, to the

great delight of both participants; and then followed a long and serious discussion upon a matter of the future. James was now a strong-minded and iron-willed man; but Blair prevailed. With a slow tear straggling down his ragged beard, the Californian finally replied:

"Well, Cousin Mortimer, I thought I was doing my duty in keeping the old people along comfortably, and giving Mary a chance to take up with some better man. It is utterly beyond my comprehension how she can still care anything for such a vagabond. For God's sake, look at me! A woman living and dying an old maid for a stack of bones overgrown with wild hair. It makes me feel like a guilty cur. If—if you will swear by the eternal heavens that she won't ring in the cold deck on me when she comes to see me, I'll—go back with you."

"You have my word," answered Blair.

"I have hunted the 'yellow' long enough," James continued. "I am ready to quit if there is anything to quit for. Squills and the youngsters can have the place. I reckon that will be a fair stand-off. Cousin Mortimer," here the speaker made an extravagant motion, something like that of a horse when it tries to rub its ear with its hind hoof; "I am not quite as far gone as you may suppose. There is none of the life-current of the Hampshire Swillings coursing the arteries of these Digger scions. None of the little reds are mine; nevertheless, I feel sort o' streaked about leaving 'em. You can hardly appreciate my situation. Nothing must ever be said concerning these primitive habits of your prodigal cousin. I'll try and shed 'em; and see if I can't make myself decent. To think that a 'female woman' still loves me! That gets me—that gets me!"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

"OLE EMERLINE."

One clear June afternoon, in company with my friend Helen Holmes, I was on board the little steamer *Island City*, which was slowly steaming up Buffalo Bayou, to the homely but thriving city of Houston, Texas. Only a few days before, we had graduated from Madam Beaumont's "Select Institute for Young Ladies," in the beautiful Crescent City. We had, during all the years of our school life, been classmates and earnest rivals. Hitherto we had equally shared the honors of the school; but in the last hard struggle for the medal Helen had finally won; and on the preceding Thursday I had watched her, with just a little hurt feeling at my heart, as she read her excellent valedictory to the large and admiring audience. But I knew that it was fairly gained, and we were too dear to each other to allow a little rivalry to separate us at the last. So on this Thursday afternoon I found myself nearing the bustling city of Houston, in compliance with Helen's long-cherished plan, that I was to spend the summer with her.

As the sun sank lower and lower, we stood upon the deck of the little steamer—which was itself a miniature palace—gazing entranced upon the lovely, almost tropical, scenery on each side of the narrow bayou. Magnolia trees lined the bank, and in the forest rose from sixty to seventy-five feet, and were covered with immense bells of pearl and shining emerald leaves, with here and there a glimpse of the under side of a leaf, like the sheen of russet velvet; at irregular intervals rose an immense decayed trunk of a tree, which had perhaps seen the days of the Aztecs, now covered with large leaves of the trumpet-creeper, and ablaze with hundreds of huge scarlet flowers. These, together with the notes of a thousand unseen mocking-birds, and the subtle fragrance which floated from ten thousand waxen magnolia flowers, made a magnificent scene of enchant-

ment seldom equaled even in the tropics. Lost in admiration, we spoke not a word, and scarcely noticed the cool breeze which blows from the Mexican sea, and gives to southern Texas that delightful temperate climate, for which it will yet be famous.

As the steamer glided on, the grand scene gradually faded from our view, and soon we arrived at the ugly, muddy landing. We entered a carriage which was waiting our arrival, and were driven through the rapidly improving city of Houston to the elegant residence of Dr. Holmes, a mile beyond the city limits. As the carriage reached the gate, a handsome boy of about five years came running, as only boys can run, and shouted with all his might:

"Mamma, Sissy's come! Hurrah for Sissy!"

I knew instantly that this must be Helen's obstreperous but precious little brother Roy; for in our school-girl chats she had often told me of her father's home and family. Then came a tall, dignified, but kindly looking lady, whom I recognized as Mrs. Holmes. Her greeting was most affectionate. Before it was finished, I was astonished by seeing a huge, black, brawny negro woman, arrayed in a soiled, red-flowered calico dress, bound through the front door, rush up, grab Helen in her Herculean grasp, and ejaculate:

"Well, ef dat ain't Helen wid a chignon, en mos' a trail on! Ole Emerline's proud ob dat chile!" then with a rush she disappeared within the house.

When Dr. Holmes arrived, I forgot, in his genial presence, the strange old darkey.

After a light repast, Helen and I retired to our room, for neither of us wished to be separated. After a night of such sleep as only comes to the young and healthy when fatigued by travel, we arose full of life, ready for our morning's jaunt. Breakfast hour gave me a good opportunity for studying

more closely the faces of my kind host and hostess. The dining-room was simple and comfortable, but elegant; an agile, well-dressed darkey, whom Roy addressed as "Aunt Dorcas," waited on the table, with the unobtrusive, almost innate, politeness which only the old-fashioned house-servants, trained in the long ago, ever display. She disappeared, and when Mrs. Holmes touched the bell, instead of Dorcas, in came the ebon giantess I had noticed on the preceding evening, clad in the same flaming red, soiled dress. She made a funny old-fashioned courtesy at every seat, as she passed the ice-cold lemonade, and said apologetically:

"Dorcas jess cut her han', so Ole Emerline's fotched dis," then disappeared.

Her giant frame, attenuated almost to a skeleton, and sunken white eyes impressed me deeply; but not so much as did the woe-ful expression of her intensely black face; she was the only really sad-looking negro I ever saw.

Save that a slight frown passed over Mrs. Holmes's usually serene countenance, no one seemed to note her presence; and Dr. Holmes continued the interesting anecdote he was relating.

Breakfast over, Helen and I began our ramble over the large and handsome grounds surrounding the stately dwelling. As we wandered beneath arches, where the long, graceful wisteria and clematis, covered by immense clusters of fragrant purple and blue blooms, embraced each other and fell in graceful festoons from the tall magnolia trees; thence to the crape myrtles, which send their shapely heads from twenty to thirty feet up, and were covered with feathery pink, white, or purple bowers; or stopped to inhale the exquisite fragrance of the queenly cape jessamine blossoms, which were large with waxen, white, rose-like petals, yet surpassing all the roses of earth in beauty and fragrance, as they sat surrounded by their glossy evergreen leaves—I could not but exclaim, "How appropriate the name you have given your home, Helen! It is a veritable Eden Glen." In a clear sweet voice, she began her favorite song:

"O the Lone Star State our home shall be,
While her waters still roll to the Mexican sea."

"Helen! Helen! Sister! Sister!"

"Ah, there is Roy, calling as if his life depended upon my presence. Excuse me a moment, and continue your walk, there is no dog or anything to harm you."

She went to Roy, and I walked on until I reached a low arbor vitæ hedge; having seated myself in one of the many rustic chairs, made of the wild or mustang grape-vine, which grows in such profusion in many parts of Texas, I was admiring the beautiful orange-trees and banana-plants scattered here and there in protected places, when I was startled by the sound of low muttering and heavy blows, just behind the hedge where I was seated.

In looking through the hedge I saw "Old Emerline," busily chopping on a large log of wood, the tears falling in a stream from her black cheeks, as she stopped chopping and continued muttering, then laid the ax down and clasped her hands over her knees, in her agony, and murmured:

"Dey use ter call me Mammie; now Ise jess nuffin' 't all but Ole Emerline."

Then beginning to chop, she said vehemently, as if addressing the wood:

"Whar's my little Jake? Say, ole Mars', whar is yer sole my Mose ter? Whar's yer sont my Susanner?"

Then another torrent of tears, more vehement chopping, and muttering:

"Yer sole my chilluns, en I chop your — head off!"

Then, when the stick was severed, came a wild laugh, and a round of oaths which would have made the oldest sailor cringe.

Pale and frightened, I started to the house as fast as my unsteady limbs would permit. I met Mrs. Holmes half-way. She said, anxiously:

"Why, my dear Marian, how pale you are! What has frightened you?"

I told her what I had seen. She looked grave and said:

"I see that Helen has neglected to tell you about Emeline. In the spring of 1863, Mr. Gresham, a rich planter from Natchez,

had a long spell of fever here, and Dr. Holmes attended him. Mr. Gresham, having spent all of the money he had with him, offered to send the Doctor a likely negro woman, a first-class cook, in payment for his services. The Doctor told him that he would not take a woman from her children, but Mr. Gresham said she had no children; and knowing that my head cook was getting old, Dr. Holmes accepted the proposition. When she arrived we found that she was insane, and would have sent her back, but Mr. Gresham could not be found; one of his neighbors said that he sold Emeline's children a year before, and she had been insane since that time. She is harmless. I could not help being kind to her in her desolation; and when freedom came, she could not be induced to leave. I could not think of driving her off; nobody would employ her, and there is no room in the asylum for her. So we let her stay. She is very useful; will allow no one else to do any sweeping, scrubbing, washing, or ironing, and her work is always beyond criticism. In her semi-lucid moments, she tells me, with grief stamped on every line of her countenance: 'Ole Mars sole ebery one ob my ten chilluns; sent em off on de boat on de Missippy ribber, an' I nebber kin fine whar dey is.' That is the burden of her muttering from day to day, and when she is worse she goes to the wood pile and chops and cries and swears. She imagines that the wood is her old master, and that she is avenging the sale of her children; after that she is more quiet for weeks. Many a time my heart has ached for the poor old lonely woman. Dr. Holmes tried to find her children, but could get no trace of them."

My fears were turned to sympathy now; and long before she ceased speaking the tears were dropping off our cheeks.

During the following weeks I learned many of Emeline's peculiarities, one of them being that it was impossible to induce her to change her dress at any other time than Saturday afternoon. Then she would go to her little cabin, bar the door, array herself in a clean, new red calico dress, tie a large orange "hankercher" round her neck, and a

red one on her head, then stretch herself on the tidy floor, and sleep and mutter until late Sunday afternoon. Then she would arise and most solemnly enact "de judgment day," personating both judge and trembling culprit. Her many shrewd hits at their foibles, as she proceeded to try her acquaintances, would have been amusing under other circumstances. As it was, I never felt sadder than when watching the proceedings, altogether unobserved, from a little window; for until Monday morning she would neither come out nor admit any one. She always tried "Mars' Holmes en Mars' Gres'um" last, when she would proceed as follows:

"Mars' Holmes, come up hyar!"

"Yars, sar, Ise tremblin' might'ly."

"Whar'd yer come from?"

"Come from de yeath."

"Did yer 'long ter de church?"

"Yars, sar; long ter de Babtis' ten year."

"Did yer eber 'press de poor?"

"No, sar; Ise gin 'em med'cin' fur nuffin', many er time."

"Hab yer tuck good keer ob Ole Emerline?"

"Yars, sar, de very best I knowed ter do."

Then, waving her right hand, a broad grin spreading over her face, she would say:

"Yer see dem sheeps ober dar? Yer goes wid dem."

Then, with a stern look, she would call:

"Mars' Gres'um! come out er dar!"

"Yars, sar, Ise hyar, tremblin' do'."

"Yer jess come t'om der yeath?"

"Yars, sir."

"What did yer do dar?"

"Heaps—worked niggers on de plantation."

"Wuz yer a remember ob der church?"

"Allus been er Meferdis'."

"Dat's right. 'Press de poor?"

"No, sar."

"What's dat yer sez? Yer sole Ole Emerline's chilluns!"

"Yars, sar, dey was my niggers; had er right ter sole 'em."

"Ise not gwine ter 'spute 'bout dat. Yer sees dem goats ober dar. Yer go wid dem."

Then she would lie down and laugh, "Ya, ya! Ole Mars' Gres'um's goed wid de goats"; then resume her muttering till she fell asleep.

On Monday morning she would come to the parlor door and call out:

"Helen! come out hyar en scrub dis porch. Yer er putty lookin' parly ointment, [ornament] yer er, soten up dar all time in dat parly, done left Ole Emerline ter scrub. When is I gwine ter be er parly ointment?"

When Helen would good-naturedly offer to take the mop, she would laugh and say:

"Yer'e not fitten fur ter scrub; one er Ole Emerline's han's wuff two er yourn. Get off en my porch! don't be er trackin' on it up!"

Yet she was devoted to Helen; would never allow her even to go for a glass of water, but would carry it to her with more deference than she would have shown to a queen.

One Monday morning "Ole Emerline" did not come out. When Dr. Holmes was

ready to go to the city, he went to her little cabin and called; receiving no reply, he forced the door, and found her unconscious.

Carefully he and Mrs. Holmes watched her for a week; she had no want unsupplied. Helen and Roy would scarcely leave the cabin. One evening the Doctor motioned to them to go away, but they did not heed him.

Suddenly "Ole Emerline" opened wide her eyes, and said:

"Ise er—gwine—ter fine—my—little—Jake," and expired.

Tears were in the Doctor's kindly eyes as he arose and left the cabin. Roy was for a long time inconsolable, and when I last saw the loved and gifted Mrs. Helen Wear, four years after, the thought of "Ole Emerline" would bring tears to her eyes; and she had considered it a privilege to erect a marble slab, bearing the word "Emeline," over the long mound in the lovely garden at "Eden Glen."

JULIA M. GOODLETT

THE PLAINS OF BUTTE.

To the casual observer, there is little either of attractiveness or beauty in the Californian plains. The rugged harshness of those general features which are most prominent to the senses, the monotony of stretch and color, the severity and bleakness of the winter winds, and the oppressiveness of the summer heat, carry with them a sense of disagreeableness and discomfort largely disparaging to belief in the existence of lighter and more companionable moods.

And as observation is for the most part made by transient observers, who catch but detached phases of their life and beauty, there are few who come to suspect—much less to know—that these land-lakes, that roll so monotonously from Sierra to coast, have beauty flashes as wayward and fanciful, color plays as changeful and exquisite, lawn stretches as green and inviting, streams sa-

cool, zephyrs as warm, and again, winter storms and convulsions as wild and sublime, as any that have in other scenes delighted sensitive minds in mountain, vale, or wood.

Plains are common in California. All the great wheatfields of the Sacramento and San Joaquin have been wrested from them, *in toto*. But I would confine the name to those level tracts of land, largely variable in size, scattered here and there throughout California, which, either on account of their barrenness, or else because they have not yet been needed in the meager settlement of the country, have so far escaped cultivation.

In these remnants, on a smaller scale, nature still keeps up the infinite variety of landscape-gardening she was wont in earlier days to exercise over the whole of the broad valleys of the Pacific slope. In the study of

these spots generally—and especially am I sure concerning certain of the Butte County plains—the student of pure nature finds much of pleasure and complete enjoyment.

The general surface is slightly rolling, blistered here and there with rock heaps, and in many places cut and figured into a perfect lacework by the wayward courses of the winter streams. The soil is stiff and clayey, and the vegetation is for the most part so thin that you can easily see the ground; dry also, and everywhere free from grassy marshiness; and so gorgeously jeweled with flowers and butterflies as to seem rather a roll of brilliant tapestry, or an enormous hot-house display: for the doughy soil is in many places so overfilled with larkspurs, pansies, wild pinks, and the various varieties of the crucifers, that its baldness is scarcely perceivable; while in others the blossoms are only enameled in here and there in lustrous solitaires, or twinkling groups of two and three.

The most noticeable of the plants thus crowding the soil is a hardy species, whose name has escaped my memory, with light green serrated leaves, frosted white as silver on the under side, and, like the aspen, so loosely and delicately pricked onto its slender stems, that the lightest breeze sets them shivering and fluttering above the plain, like a fleecy mist. But I have no words in which to give anything like an adequate conception of the marvelous beauty of these valley carpets, as they lie smoothly stretched over these rugged plains. In many points they resemble the exquisite glacier meadows of the high Sierra, but differ from them in that the plan of their execution is more bold and sketchy, and the softening, toning processes of nature less complete. They lack the close, weedless sod and delicate grasses of these mountain meadows; but fairly rival them in exquisite brilliancy of colors, and finer varieties of flower life. They more closely approach to a luxuriant artificial garden, in which negligence has allowed the vegetation to grow rank, and the vagrant flowers to stray beyond the stiff, angular boundaries of the original beds and walks,

and soften them into the more free and curving lines of pure nature.

Going northward from Chico, you set out through grain-fields that stretch away indefinitely, and over country apparently free from all that does not smack of cultivation. But as you clear the oak belt, the untamed plain spots, with their gorgeous knots of color, come gradually into view. The ground becomes less cluttered with straw-stacks and fences, houses become less frequent and imposing, and grass plats and weedy mustard patches spring up along the road. Journeying along through this prosaic farm-country—finding occasional diversion in the sharp, quick scampering of a startled ground-squirrel, or a glance at the snowy peaks and purple cañons of the distant mountains—after the space of an hour or more, the last fence moves reluctantly to the rear, the last tree patrol falls back; and then suddenly you advance from the conventionality of grain-fields into an exquisite varied colored garden plat, lying smooth and bright in the yellow sunlight, like a piece of Lyons velvet. This is the typical Californian plain; and every true lover of nature in her quieter, more steadfast moods would delight to wander here on a spring day, among the miniature flower-forests that wave above the soil.

There is almost a plan visible in the arrangement of the plant-beds. The separate varieties come crowding together all around, in close, uneven ranks, setting their feet as primly and firmly as if they half expected to be jostled out of place, and pushing and crowding each other like very children; thus laying out the garden with exquisite precision, yet without a trace of stiffness or conventionality in the making up. With unutterable pleasure you wade out into the weedy sun lake, feeling yourself held in the most sacred of nature's holies, drawn out from the clogging influences of the world, out from all interruption, out from yourself—free in the all-pervading beauty.

And yet, for all the scene is so intensely spiritual, and you feel yourself forgotten in it, there still throbs and beats all round you a warm, bright, human sympathy, that is win-

ningly tangible and friendly. The bright-faced pansies are the types of health and hopefulness. No room for sorrow and downheartedness here. The birds that rustle through the grass, and sway and plunge on the slender plant stems, are things that you have always known; and surely these are the dandelions, whose prophetic down was once so strongly endeared to your childish heart. Bees hum as on a drowsy gleaning; butterflies flit from flower to flower; and, like them, you bathe lazily in the mellow sunshine; too freely, too æsthetically happy to act or even think. Go where you will, you will everywhere find this plain carelessly lovely; as if nature had forgotten to prune, and left it day by day to grow in rank luxuriance.

Many a plant brushes the knees dustily as you saunter here and there, and the larger flower-stalks are often loose and sprawling. Beyond you lies a gaudy bed of poppies, drifting away into long ribbons of campanulas of different shades of blue; and nearer are banks of daisies, white as snowflakes, and dashed here and there with spots of vivid scarlet by the stiff spikes of the common paint-brush—the *castillea parvi-flora*.

At this blessed spring season the sky is full of white, fleecy clouds, the air is moist and warm, the winds are gentle, the landscape is hushed, and peaceful quiet rests on everything. Yet for all this, these plains are teeming with wide-awake, vigorous life. A duck is occasionally seen paddling idly in the creeks; mourning doves are constantly feeding in the grasses; squirrels are intermittently busy above and below the ground; and toward evening the frogs voice out a stertorous chorus all along the line. Mosquitoes trumpet shrilly of their hungry intentions; and if you care to stoop and brush aside the polished stems and smooth leaves at your feet, you will find a dozen industrious ants and acrobatic beetles scurrying their glistening backs out of your sight, or standing stupidly on their heads, through sheer amazement. Locusts spring sharply up in lavish swarms, and dart in angular zigzags in and out across the more open spots. Dragon

flies and gnats dance merrily above the flowers; linnets skim the rolling beds from side to side; meadow larks rise from the sedge in fitful, unexpected flights; and here and there a bronze-green humming-bird poises motionless in the sunshine, then darts away amid the dancing throng—fit emblem of the careless summer joy that drones and moves in every insect, bird, and flower.

This bright spring life I have been picturing lasts, with but little change, until the early part of June, when the first hot breaths of summer begin to sweep down from the north, and that scenic vandal—the sheep-herder—leads his destroying battalions across these picturesque wastes. But then, as with all wild things, the bloom of youth is brushed away in a breath, and to the beauty of childhood succeeds at once the withered features and hard, painful fixity of mature old age. The delicate lawn stretches of foxtail grow pallid, and then fallow. The flowers dry up and shrink apart, to be broken off and whirled away by every scorching wind that blows athwart their brittle stems. The grasses parch and grow dyspeptic, under accumulated coats of dust. The birds and insects retreat before the heat, and pass away to spots where spring is yet in life; and on the calmer days there steals up from the bottoms a thin, blue, miasmatic vapor, that drifts across the plains, and shakes and quivers everywhere under the vivid sun, till the very land itself becomes indistinct and misty: as if, indeed, the soil had, like the inhabitants, yearly to become acclimated, and now the spasms of malarial chills were loosening up the sharpness of its hard, contracted features.

It must be confessed that there is little to attract one in the plains in summer. For months there is no change in the cloudless intensity of the flinty, blue heavens; for months the dark lines of chemisal and scrub-oak, where the land-waves roll up into the lower foothills, grow only grayer and more leathery; the white stones in the bottom of the water-courses glisten like dry bones in the valley of death; there is no sound softer than the sharp note of a squirrel or the shrill rasp of a cicala; a dull, unrelieved glare of

dusty yellow sun lies over everything; the brown outline of the distant mountains is hard and sharply ridged; and, as the hot ashes of the dying spring are scattered over you, and its dusty, feverish breath puffs in your face, it somehow seems to choke the ambitious wheels of progress in your being, and leave you listless, idle, careless, and inert.

Yet there is one bright gleam of poetry comes through this prosaic cloud. In the early morning, off to the west, where the long line of sprawling willows marks out the marshy Sacramento, there rises, day after day, a fleecy cloud of mist that rolls and changes into a thousand vagrant fancies. Great billowy seas with ponderous vessels, colossal shapes of trees and ancient castles, long fields of yellow grain and snow-capped mountain-peaks, pass and repass, dissolve and redissolve, like the bewildering changes of a kaleidoscopic picture. Nor is it all the force of the imagination; for oft and again I have seen the whole river-bottom projected faithfully in the clouds; every tree, slough, little pond, and the main river itself depicted with rare and perfect accuracy by this wonderful mirage; and sometimes in the mornings, the whole dry desert disappears, and in its place a rippling, shimmering, placid sea sparkles and tosses in the growing light. Oft and again have I ridden, like a second Pharoah, out along the passage that opened on before as I advanced, only to look back and see the rippling flood pour steadily in and follow on behind; till, with the growing heat of the advancing sun, the whole phantasm would grow indistinct, and magically disappear.

Thus come and go the dull sun-days of summer, not a cloud overhead, nor a bit of green on the lowlands, day after day, till near October; then comes a gradual change: cool breezes breathe occasionally from the south, clouds white and feathery gather along the horizon and creep up into the blue, until, from every side, their outstretched darkening fingers interlace and clasp each other, the azure patches narrow and are closed, and the

whole blank plain is overhung by an unbroken gloomy canopy of gray. Then, often after days of waiting, comes the rain; for the clouds are ripe and drop their fruit like an orchard in the fall. Lightly the first drops fall, lightly they lodge on the brown stems of last summer's flowers and drip from the tasseled beards of the grasses; then increase in strength as they go on falling day after day, week after week, dropping quickly, passionately, and, tossed by the wind, whirl and circle and rush hither and thither, striking spitefully against one another and against the ground, till, worn with the fury and the buffeting, the plain is fairly black in the face.

But the dreariest days are the bleak, cold, cheerless ones that come with the early frost. The air is crisp and piercing, the sun shines, often boldly, but gives no sympathetic warmth. The dry bones of last summer rattle drearily in the water-courses, the wind sweeps over the plains with cold, raw gusts that freeze the very marrow in the bones; and often moving with a violence that throws one to the ground, and pins him there in utter helplessness.

But occasionally there is a rare evening that goes right to the heart. And when one sees the long shadows of the mountains stretch slowly across the plain; and the divine purple afterglow tint peak and rock and stream; watches the rich browns and chocolates on the farther slopes deepen gradually into black; notes the swarthy grandeur of the western sky tossed back from the clouds above the eastern hills; drinks in the peaceful quiet, broken only by the dim murmurings of some overcharged stream that hurries to the river; and then loses all in the structureless darkness of the winter night, only to catch the ghost of the vanished beauties by the light of the twinkling stars—such a one, I think, will not find the Plains of Butte altogether unromantic and prosaic; and with the coming of each succeeding spring-time will look with eagerness, as I have done, for the return of another cycle of its charms.

WARREN CHENEY.

NOTE BOOK.

ANOTHER INDIAN OUTBREAK threatens to plunge the country into another prolonged, expensive, and sanguinary war. Lives have already been lost which, so far as real worth to the world is concerned, out-value the whole Apache nation. When is this cruel farce to cease? How much longer is the policy of the nation to be directed by those who never saw an Indian outside of the pages of fiction? We must at last come to this truth: that there can be no peace under the present system; that there is no inherent right in the Indian to have large tracts set aside as his preserves; that he has no greater privilege to live at the expense of the Government than any other person under its jurisdiction; that he must work if he does not want to starve; that vagrancy, idleness, and crime in an Indian must be punished with the same severity as in a white man. Every winter the Indians are clothed and fed by the Government; every summer some of the tribes take the warpath, until satiated with plunder and murder, and then a facile submission procures an immediate pardon. This thing cannot be put too strongly. It is time the country should know what privilege an Indian has, more than a white man, to be supported in idleness and to be condoned in crime. Is not the policy most obviously short-sighted? Under the same treatment, the most law-abiding community in the United States would become a band of vagrants and criminals. The Indian has no incentive to work, for the Government will support him; he has no hope of personal wealth, for the land is held in common, and he cannot call an acre his own; he is encouraged in depredations, for he cannot be pursued over the line of his reservation. Naturally he comes to regard himself as a privileged vagrant, whose crimes will be forgiven, and not punished. Every other individual under the law is directly accountable for his actions; but with the Indians—the most savage and lawless class in the country—it is the tribe, and not the individual, which is treated with. Behind this convenient fiction the individual goes free. The United States of America, which is so jealous of the assumptions of its sovereign states, recognizes roving bands within its borders, and makes treaties with them under all the forms and solemnities that it employs with foreign nations. Out of such absurdity nothing but discord can come. The time has certainly arrived for treating the Indian as every other individual is treated. If his rights are infringed, he can invoke the aid of the courts, as other persons are compelled to do. If he commits crime, he must in like manner be held accountable. If he will not assimilate civilization, he must not be allowed to retard it. A proposition to

set apart thousands of acres as a fishing and hunting preserve for white persons who were unwilling to work would be laughed down as an absurdity. But a red vagrant has privileges which must cause his white brother—the tramp—to weep with envy.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA has been inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies. Advantage of the occasion was also taken to dedicate the Bacon Art and Library Building, and to make public acknowledgment of the various benefactions for which the University is indebted. Of the Bacon building it is sufficient to say, that it is elaborately unfit for the purposes for which it was intended, or rather, for which it was supposed to be intended by every one except the architect. Its deficiencies as a place for the exhibition of works of art bear testimony to the ingenuity of the human intellect. President Reid delivered a thoughtful and admirably written address, which created a favorable impression, and which was listened to with marked attention, except by a few persons who indulged in hissing, to show that they had enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and were prepared at all times to make public demonstration of its superiority. As President Reid has been very generally misrepresented in regard to the portion of his address in which he referred to the classics, it is only fair that he should be judged by his own words, which are quite different from those which have been attributed to him:

"It is certainly sufficiently well known to need no rehearsing here, that the reason for the prominence given to the Latin and Greek in all schools of learning in early times was quite different from the reason at present assigned for continuing them in their old-time prominence. They were assigned the chief place in schools; they were, in fact, made to form substantially the course of study, because they were well nigh the only approach to a liberal education: for all recorded knowledge thought to be valuable and available had to be reached through them. The Latin, too, was the language of the learned, and until after the fall of Constantinople, and the scattering of scholars over Europe, and the consequent revival of learning, all accessible literature was in the Latin language. The revival of learning brought Greek and its masterpieces before the scholars of Europe, and Latin had to share its prominence with Greek. For long years they were the storehouses of the best thought, and the only literary models; and they were for this reason deservedly made the basis of all education. That reason no longer exists. The great movements that are still going forward, and that have already changed the face of the world, were begun after Latin and Greek had become dead languages. Three or four hundred years of modern civilization have added more

to human knowledge, and the means of material welfare and happiness, than was added by fifteen hundred years of Greek and Roman civilization. And the record of all this advance is to be found in the modern languages; and the investigations that are to work yet greater revolutions in the material and intellectual world will be recorded in these languages. The original reason for the great prominence given to Greek and Latin had, therefore, long ago to be abandoned. But is the reason assigned for continuing them in their present prominence much better? It is said Latin and Greek must form the basis of all liberal education, because in those languages are to be found the great masterpieces of the human mind. But who besides our Greek and Latin professors knows enough of these masterpieces to be justified in expressing an opinion regarding them? How many college graduates can speak of them from familiar personal acquaintance? Speak to any audience of college-bred men of their enjoyment of the treasures of classic literature, and your remarks will be received as a bit of delightful humor.

"That college graduates of even more than average attainments do not read with delight, if they read at all, and do not study, the ancient classics as models of literature, is beyond question. Clearly, then, with the present standard of attainment, the present claim for the prominence of the ancient classics cannot be justified. But I deny the claim that the Latin and the Greek offer models in literature superior to those offered by modern writers. Nay, more, I believe that the literature of Christian civilization is as superior to that of Greece and Rome as the civilization of to-day is superior to that of the times of Pericles and Augustus. And this opens anew, and in its broadest form, the old question of the relative superiority of the ancients and moderns. Into this question I am not prepared, and have not time, to enter. But, you inquire, what is there of value yet left in the study of Latin and Greek, if they are to be studied neither for the knowledge stored up in them, nor for their superiority as literary models. This question drives me to the last acknowledgment, an acknowledgment which I assure you I make with reluctance, and only after much observation and thought. I at present believe in the study of Latin and Greek for purposes of general education, because they offer perhaps the best attainable linguistic training. I say for the present, because I am not certain that there is in either language such inherent superiority over modern languages for linguistic purposes as to entitle them to the place they now justly hold. They are at present best, because the methods in use in their study are better than those with which we are acquainted in other languages. The study of Latin and Greek is better organized, the ground has been thoroughly worked over, and all, or nearly all, of its capabilities are known, and may be used to the best purpose. I believe, however, that

the time is fast coming when English and other modern languages will be so studied as to offer to the great majority of students advantages more valuable for their purposes than those now offered by the ancient classics. And this is one of the problems which I hope to see this University take an honorable name in helping to solve. But I must not leave the subject of the classics without saying that, notwithstanding all that I have said, I would have our chairs of Latin and Greek maintained in all their efficiency: bettered if possible.

"Greek and Latin must always be of the greatest service to the special student of language and literature; and they deserve, and must long receive at the hands of the special student, the homage that has so long been accorded to them. A university without them would be like a man without an arm."

EDITORIAL ADVERTISEMENT is something which is shunned by all respectable publications. The advertising columns are open to those who desire to make announcements of their wares. The quasi indorsement of goods in the "reading matter" is unfair to the public and to the other advertisers. And yet there are exceptions to all rules. And it is believed that in the history of this magazine the time has arrived for the solitary exception to the rule against editorial advertisements. But whether the time has come or not, the advertisement shall be given. When this magazine was started, no man contributed more to its success than Mr. A. Roman. He had been long in business in San Francisco, and was known far and wide as one of the most genial and honorable publishers on the continent. His large acquaintance and long experience made his assistance invaluable to this magazine. And in recognition of these services, we desire to give the widest possible publicity and advertisement to the fact, that Mr. Roman has again started in business as bookseller and publisher; that his place of business is Room 15, at number 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco; and that he is prepared to supply anything and everything in his line, from a sheet of note-paper to a complete library in bindings warranted to match the carpet. We mention this last with the special purpose of influencing the patronage of our rich men in his favor.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS; ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By George M. Beard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. (Cloth, \$1.50.)

Nervousness, a disease which has developed principally within the present century, is defined by Dr. Beard to be deficiency or lack of nerve force, and is to

be rigidly distinguished from simple excess of emotion, and from organic disease. Says the author:

"The chief and primary cause of this development and very rapid increase of nervousness is *modern civilization*, which is distinguished from the ancient by these five characteristics: steam-power, the periodical press, the telegraph, the sciences, and the mental activity of women. Civilization is the one constant factor without which there can be little or no

nervousness, and under which in its modern form nervousness must arise inevitably. Among the secondary and tertiary causes of nervousness are climate, institutions—civil, political, and religious—personal habits, indulgence of appetites and passions. The greater prevalence of nervousness in America is a complex resultant of a number of influences, the chief of which are dryness of the air, extremes of heat and cold, civil and religious liberty, and the great mental activity made necessary and possible in a new and productive country under such climatic conditions."

Coexistent with this increase of nervousness, and partly caused by it, is an increase of longevity. Brain-workers are declared to be, on the average, long-lived: the very greatest geniuses being the longest lived of all. The chapter devoted to this subject is one of the most fascinating of the work.

"The leading factors, accounting for the long life of those who live by brain-labor, are:

"1. *The inherent and essential healthfulness of brain-work, when unaccompanied by worry.* To work is to grow; and growth, except it be forced, is always healthful. It is as much the function of the brain to cerebrate, as of the stomach to digest; and cerebation, like digestion, is normal, physiological, and healthful. In all bodily functions the exercise of force develops more force; work evolves strength for work. A plant that is suffered to bud and bloom is more sturdy and longer lived than the plant that is kept from the light, or trimmed of all its blossoms. By thinking, we gain the power to think; functional activity, within limits, tends to vigor and the self-preservation of an organ, and of the body to which the organ belongs. The world has been taught that the brain can be developed only at the expense of the other organs of the body; granting that brain-work strengthens the brain itself, the rest of the body is impoverished thereby—hence disease, and early death; but it is certain that the very best of the brain-working classes are, on the average, well developed muscularly; and in size and weight of body are superior to the purely muscle-working classes, although their muscles may not be as large, or hard, or powerful as they would be if more used.

"2. *Brain-workers have less worry and more positive comfort and happiness than muscle-workers.* Worry is the converse of work; the one develops force, the other checks its development, and wastes what already exists. Work is growth; worry is interference with growth. Worry is to work what the chafing of a plant against the walls of a green-house is to limitless expansion in the free air. In the successful brain-worker, worry is transferred into work; in the muscle-worker, work too often degrades into worry. Brain-work is the highest of all antidotes to worry; and the brain-working classes are therefore less distressed about many things, less apprehensive of indefinite evil, and less disposed to magnify minute trials, than those who live by the labor of the hands. To the happy brain-worker, life is a long vacation; while the muscle-worker often finds no joy in his daily toil, and very little in the intervals. Scientists, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, orators, statesmen, literati, and merchants, when successful, are happy in their work, without reference to the reward; and continue to labor in their special callings long after the necessity has ceased. Where is the hod-carrier that finds joy in going up and down a ladder? And from the foundation of the globe un-

til now, how many have been known to persist in ditch-digging, or sewer-laying, or in any mechanical or manual calling whatsoever, after the attainment of independence? Good fortune gives good health. Nearly all the money of the world is in the hands of brain-workers; to many, in moderate amounts, it is essential to life, and in large or comfortable amount it favors long life. Longevity is the daughter of comfort. Of the many elements that make up happiness, mental organization, physical health, fancy, friends, and money—the last is, for the average man, greater than any other, except the first. Loss of money costs more lives than the loss of friends, for it is easier to find a friend than a fortune. Almost all muscle-workers are born, live, and die, poor. To live on the slippery path that lies between extreme poverty on one side and the gulf of starvation on the other; to take continual thought of to-morrow, without any good result of such thought; to feel each anxious hour that the dreary treadmill by which we secure the means of sustenance for a hungry household may, without warning, be closed by any number of forces, over which one has no control; to double and triple all the horrors of want and pain, by anticipation and rumination—such is the life of the muscle-working classes of modern civilized society; and when we add to this the cankering annoyance that arises from the envying of the fortunate brain-worker who lives in ease before his eyes, we marvel not that he dies young, but rather that he lives at all.

"3. *Brain-workers live under better sanitary conditions than muscle-workers.* They have better food and drink, warmer clothing, breathe purer air, and are less exposed to fatal accident and the poison of disease. None of the occupations are ideal; none fulfill all the laws of health; but the muscle-working callings are all more or less unhealthy; tradesmen, artisans, common laborers, and even farmers (who combine muscle with brain-work), all are forced to violate sanitary law, every hour and moment; not one out of ten have enough good food; many are driven by passion and hunger to excess in the worst forms of alcoholic liquors; for a large number, sleep is a luxury of which they never have sufficient for real recuperation; healthful air is but rarely breathed by the laboring classes of any large city; exposure to weather, that brings on fatal inflammatory diseases; accidents that cripple or kill;—in all these respects, the muscle-worker, as compared with the brain-worker, is at stupendous disadvantage.

"4. *The nervous temperament, which usually predominates in brain-workers, is antagonistic to fatal, acute, inflammatory disease, and favorable to long life.* Comparative statistics have shown that those in whom the nervous temperament prevails, live longer than those in whom any one of the other temperaments prevail, and common observation confirms the statement. Nervous people, if not too feeble, may die every day. They do not die; they talk of death, and each day expect it, and yet they live. Many of the most annoying nervous diseases, especially of the functional, and some even of the structural varieties, do not rapidly destroy life, and are, indeed, consistent with great longevity. I have known a number of men and women who were nervous invalids for half a century or more, and died at an advanced age. It is one of the compensations of nervousness that it protects the system against those febrile and inflammatory diseases that are so rapidly fatal to the sanguine and the phlegmatic; the nervous man can expose himself to malaria, to cold and dampness, with less danger of disease, and with less danger of death if he

should contract disease, than his tough and hardy brother. This was shown in our late war, when delicate, ensanguined youth, followed by the fears of friends, went forth to camp and battle, and not only survived, but grew stout amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine, and the sons of the plow and the anvil. In the conflict with fevers and inflammations, strength is often weakness, and weakness becomes strength—we are saved through debility. Still further, my studies have shown that, of distinctively nervous diseases, those which have the worst pathology and are the most hopeless, such as locomotor ataxia, progressive muscular atrophy, apoplexy with hemiplegia, and so on, are more common and more severe and more fatal among the comparatively vigorous and strong, than among the most delicate and finely organized. Cancer, even, goes hardest with the hardy, and is most relievable in the nervous.

"The incidental and important proof of the correlation of nervousness and longevity is afforded in those statistics of the comparative longevity of the sexes.

"Women, with all their nervousness—and in civilized lands women are more nervous, immeasurably, than men, and suffer more from general and special nervous diseases—yet live quite as long as men, if not somewhat longer; their greater nervousness and far greater liability to functional diseases of the nervous system being compensated for by their smaller liability to certain acute and inflammatory disorders, and various organic nervous diseases, likewise, such as the general paralysis of insanity.

"There is evidence that Americans, on the average, live longer than Europeans; and American insurance companies that have used the English life-tables as a basis for policies have gained thereby, at the expense of the policy-holder.

"5. *Brain-workers can adapt their labor to their moods and hours and periods of greatest capacity for labor better than muscle-workers.* In nearly all intellectual employments there is large liberty; literary and professional men especially are so far masters of their time that they can select the hours and days for their most exacting and important work, and when from any cause indisposed to hard thinking, can rest and recreate, or limit themselves to mechanical details. Thus, there is less of the dreadful in their lives; they work when work is easy, when the desire and the power are in harmony; and, unlike their less fortunate brother in the mill or shop or diggings, need not waste their force in urging themselves to work. Forced labor, against the grain of one's nature, is always as expensive as it is unsatisfactory; it tells on the health and happiness and on life. Even coarser natures have their moods, and the choicest spirits are governed by them; and they who worship their moods do most wisely; and those who are able to do so are the fortunate ones of earth.

"Again, brain-workers do their best work between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five; before that period they are preparing to work; after that period, work, however extensive it may be, becomes largely accumulation and routine. Lawyers and physicians do much of their practice after forty; but to practice is easy, to learn is hard—and the learning is done before forty or forty-five. In all directions the French motto holds true: "It is the first step that costs." Successful merchants lay the foundations of fortune in youth and middle life, to accumulate, and recreate, and take one's ease in old age; thus they make the most when they are doing the least, and only become rich after they have ceased trying to be so. With

muscle-workers, there is but little accumulation, and only a limited increase of reward; and in old age, after their strength has begun to decline, they must, with increasing expense, work even harder than before.

"To this should be added the fact, that manual employments cost nearly as much force after they are learned as before; they can never, like many intellectual callings, become so far forth spontaneous as to require little effort. It is as hard to lay a stone wall after one has been laying it fifty years as during the first year. The range of muscular growth and development is narrow, compared with the range of mental growth; the day laborer soon reaches the maximum of his strength. The literary or scientific worker goes on from strength to strength, until what at twenty-five was impossible, and at thirty difficult, at thirty-five becomes easy, and at forty a pastime; and besides, he has the satisfaction that the work done so easily at thirty-five and forty is incomparably better than the work done with so much difficulty at twenty-five."

A SHORT HISTORY OF ART. By Julia B. de Forest. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

As an introduction to the study of art, which indeed is all it purports to be, this book will be found reasonably satisfactory. It has, of course, the imperfections necessarily incident to an attempt to cover all time in three hundred and fifty pages. One is reminded somewhat of the American statesman who, having devoted forty-eight hours to the study of political economy, presented himself to his constituents as a master of finance. But there are a great many persons to whom it is desirable that the information should be conveyed that Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Raphael Sanzio lived, and are unfortunately dead; and that in some minor points they were the equals, if not the superiors, of the artists of village renown. In other words, as an elementary work the book may be commended.

CONTRASTS. By M. R. Grendel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This story opens in the puritan village of Norton. The Widow Haven has with her two young girls, her grandchildren—the offspring of her daughter and a young Southerner. Both of these parents are dead, and Maggie and Becky Forrest have been reared by their grandmother, with rigid puritanical ideas, including an abhorrence of slavery, and of Southern institutions in general. Becky is plain, quiet, and determined in character; Maggie is beautiful and volatile. On the death of the Widow Haven they are transferred to the custody of their Southern grandparents, and immersed in an entirely new life. "Grandpa" is a quick, irascible, but easily managed person, and his character is exceedingly well drawn.

The "contrasts" for which the book is named are found in the persons of the two girls, in the different civilizations North and South, and in innumerable unimportant personages throughout the book. The publishers, caught with the infection, and determined that there should be no lack of "contrasts," have bound the book in two colors, and lettered it on the outside in as many more. There is a love story, of course, and a "plot," which is not worse than that of the latter-day novel generally, and which has here and there a strong situation. We note with regret evidences of careless proof-reading.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1881.

Mr. Butterworth is so well known as the author of the "Zigzag" series, that one is not surprised to find that he makes history very attractive and story-like. The illustrations are profuse, and on the whole admirably designed. One is somewhat puzzled, however, at page 243, to find the "stars and stripes" flying from the breast-works at Bunker Hill. But, on the whole, such books as this of Mr. Butterworth's cannot fail of good effect.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co. we have received the following late numbers of the Franklin Square Library: No. 194, *An Ocean Free-Lance*, by W. Clark Russell; No. 196, *To-day in America*, by Joseph Hatton; No. 197, *Ayala's Angel*, by Anthony Trollope; No. 199, *Sidney*, by Georgiana M. Craik; No. 200, *Letters of Madame de Rémusat*; No. 201, *The Black Speck*; No. 202, *Raseda*, by Mrs. Ran-

dolph; No. 203, *Warlock of Glenwarlock*, by George Macdonald.

In the same library, a *Song Collection* has been issued, containing a large number of old and familiar songs admirably selected. Many of the songs are accompanied by notes, explaining the circumstances under which the same were written.

The same firm have also (in "Cassell's Popular Library" form) the *Rev. Rowland Hill*, preacher and wit, by Edward W. Broome; *Thorncliffe Hall* (\$1), by Daniel Wise; *No Gentlemen*, a novel originally written under the title of "Yours Truly"; *Wood Magic*, a fable by Richard Jefferies.

Mr. William J. Rolfe has added "Cymbeline" and "The Comedy of Errors" to his admirable Shaksperian series. For accuracy of text and convenience of form this edition is unexcelled.

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO. have, in paper cover, *Mademoiselle Bismark*, from the French of Henri Rochefort.

The same firm have also for sale the second book of Putnam's Son's series on English Philosophy. This volume is devoted to David Hartley and James Mill, and is from the pen of G. S. Bower.

The Art of Speech is the name of a work by L. T. Townsend, which is divided into two parts, consisting respectively of studies in eloquence and in logic. *Lorimer and Wife* is a readable novel by Margaret Lee. The publisher is George W. Harlan, of New York. (Paper, 50 cents.) Emma E. Brewster has made a selection of plays, pantomimes, and charades in a little book called *Parlor Varieties*. Whether this lady is the author or compiler is not known. We can commend as useful a *Handbook of English Synonyms*, by L. J. Campbell. It devotes same space to showing the correct use of prepositions, parts of speech which are woefully sinned against.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

A SOAP-EATING MATCH.

George Philbrick once kept a boarding-house at Truckee. Tom Higginbottom, one of his boarders, came in one morning, yawned, sat down, yawned again, and said:

"How long is it till breakfast? 'Pears to me breakfast is mighty late. I could eat a bar of soap."

Breakfast was late, for some reason. George was irritated, probably over that, and Tom's remark seemed to increase his irritation. He replied in a

rasping tone: "You couldn't eat a piece of soap to save your life."

His manner and tone fired up Tom, who jerked out:

"I'll bet twenty dollars I can eat a bar of soap quicker 'n you can!"

"I'll take the bet," said the landlord, slapping a twenty-dollar gold-piece down on a table.

Tom was not a young man who was in the habit of carrying twenty-dollar gold-pieces around in his pockets.

He was trammelled by a limited income and an unlimited outcome.

But he looked around among the boarders congregated for breakfast, and raised the money to cover

George's twenty. He assured them that he could pay them back at the end of the contest, or at the end of his bar of soap.

Judges were selected to determine who won. George brought in two bars of soap. They were common yellow washing-soap, from twelve to fourteen inches long. Didn't look very appetizing. He asked Tom if he had any choice as to brands. The latter said he had none. That so far as he knew, one brand of soap tasted as good as another. All he wanted was to get to eating.

They were to start at the clapping of the hands of the senior judge. Each held his bar of soap with one end pointing firmly toward his mouth. George was standing up, and grasped his in a determined manner in his right hand. He was right-handed, and believed in capital punishment. While Tom was sitting, and his bar was held in his left hand. He was left-handed, and believed in ghosts.

Tom weighed near two hundred pounds; George, about one hundred and fifty. Some one called the latter's attention to the fact that his opponent was larger than he, and would consequently hold more soap. He replied:

"Don't care; one hundred and fifty pounds is my soap-eating weight."

Tom was cross-eyed, and as he looked steadily and earnestly at his bar of soap, awaiting the signal, some one remarked:

"Tom, don't you see two bars of soap in your hand?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, if you do, you'd better shut one eye, and reduce the amount of soap."

It was spring-time among the summits of the Sierras. Everything looked beautiful. They could not have chosen a more pleasant time for eating soap. The weather suggested soap eating.

The signal was given, and the start made. George, in his eagerness to win, rammed his bar in too far, on the start. He chewed more than he could bite off. But he remedied this by biting off what he could chew.

Neither party seemed to care for the mere biting of the soap, but when they came to chew it, the wrinkles, deep and deathly earnest, spread away from their mouths longitudinally, and latitudinally, and numerously. They could be seen to climb Tom's face, and disappear in his thick hair; but in George's case, who was bald, they would mount to the top of his head, pass over the summit, and go wrinkling down his back.

They didn't seem to be enjoying themselves.

Their friends began to fear that what had begun in play would end in a fight. Because the contestants began to froth at the mouth. They were not angry, though. Soapsuds.

George appeared as if he would prefer sugar. Tom, as if he would like to change even for sand.

There was no faltering. Determination was still

written on their fronts. The pen, though, had been dipped in disgust.

Men will become stubborn in a contest over a small matter. They care more for victory than the fruits of it. Two farmers will sacrifice their farms and beggar their families in a lawsuit about the ownership of a mangy, runty pig.

But then, eating a bar of soap is no small matter. When they had each eaten about two inches of soap, every time George swallowed a piece it seemed to want to come back to see what he did it for. But he would not be outdone by a piece of soap. While Tom's eyes were full of tears, and looked as if he longed to be at the old home in the East, where he could lay his head in his mother's lap and weep, and weep, and weep.

Betting was pretty lively among the spectators. As George passed the half-way point, he was leading Tom by three-fourths of an inch. The betting was against the latter. Shortly, however, he made a spurt, and went a half-inch beyond his opponent. His mouth did. This elicited applause. For a short time the betting was two in his favor to one against. George after a while forged ahead again.

Persons will watch another eat something good, and their mouths will water—want to assist him. No one, though, showed any desire to assist in this case.

Eating soap before breakfast was hard on the contestants. It would have been better after breakfast, when there was no qualmsiness of the stomach. Or just before going to bed, to give them beautiful soap-bubble dreams.

When in a few inches of the end of the race-course, George's expression was sour, sick, and soapish. Tom's indicated that he was fully prepared to hold no more soap.

The manufacturer probably had not intended the soap for table-use. Tub-use, rather.

Both, doubtless, would have preferred to finish the race by proxy. No one, however, offered to hire out to eat soap.

George had a spur in this: he feared if defeated, his business would be injured by it. Boarders would fall away. He knew how the public turns to the victor. The reputation of his house depended upon him. He ate dutifully and bravely on. Soapsuds flew.

On the home stretch, Tom's neck was observed to suddenly stretch. Lump stuck in his throat.

Finally, George, with a splendid burst of speed, came out an inch ahead. His friends shouted and gathered around him. Everybody was his friend, now. He tried to smile on them. Very sickly. They wanted to put him on their shoulders and pack him around. He motioned them away. There was sadness in the wave of his hand. They then presented him a box of soap in a neat little speech. He arose. Everybody expected a reply of soap-bubble

brilliancy. It could be seen that this little act of his friends had filled him with emotion. He moved. His feelings carried him away. Carried him into the washroom to a basin.

For twenty minutes he was boisterously and ridiculously sick.

Tom, between defeat and disappointment, soap-suds and sickness, kept his bed for a week.

WHAT DO WE EAT?

A well-known writer asks, "What do we eat?"

As I take my meals at a boarding-house, I am hardly prepared to answer.

However, we have bologna sausage, sometimes, for lunch. I don't know what the stuffing is composed of. I suppose you know what the weather-boarding of a sausage is.

We have stews. Not made, of fowl, though; for we find indications of some other kind of an animal. Hair.

We have stewed prunes in their season.

We have puddings, but I don't know what they are made of. I am no assayer. They don't seem to be acclimated—look sickly. I feel sorry for them.

There is mustard on the table when the landlady can find any in the market.

There are two Dutch boarders. We have Limburger cheese. I never could imagine what it was made of. Something awful.

We have pie; the cross-barred pie, the pie with a lid on, and the pie with open countenance. I am ignorant of their contents. I confine myself to the pie with a lid on. Eat without questions, and without raising the lid. The other boarders eat the open-countenance pie and the cross-barred pie. Do it with open countenances.

We have hash; dry, fine-cut, and plug hash. Here again I feel my ignorance.

Occasionally we have boiled eggs on the table for breakfast. We never break them open. We are timid.

We have butter. No one of the present age can tell of what it is composed. It belongs away back.

We have no turkey, no goose, no oyster. Have codfish.

Have no wines, but we have some fine old pepper-sauce.

We have no quail on toast. Nor on anything else.

I have made efforts to gather information that would enable me to answer your question more satisfactorily.

I said to my landlady, "What do we eat?" She blushed—she is coy—and said she was busy; to call in the evening, and we would talk it over. I called. She was not at home. Very coy.

We have potatoes warmed over.

LOCK MELONE.

MY LADY SHOPS.

Mr. Charles Barnard gives the following description of a London Co-operative Store in his late work, "Co-operation as a Business":

"Victoria street, Westminster, is the uttermost reach of social ambition. You can't get any higher than the West End, for that's the end of the social world. Victoria Street begins at the Abbey and ends at Palace Road, and makes one of the grand streets of London, sombre, severe, and impressively dull. Midway in this fashionable avenue is a large three-story building, looking much like a club house or some public institution. Its grand porch and brilliant windows suggest wealth and eminent respectability. It is here my lady shops. This immense building is her grocer's, her milliner's, her drapery, stationery, and drug store. It is here her husband, the Major-General, buys his wines and cigars.

"Once my lady's carriage stopped the way on Regent Street, while obsequious shopmen stood bare-headed with a smiling face in the rain at the carriage door while she selected patterns. Now she has gone away to the West End, and Regent street mourns bitterly in Parliamentary Blue Books. On Victoria Street my lady does what she never did before—gets out, enters the grand building, and climbs the stairs, eagerly hunting for bargains. At Regent Street she was received with an unmanly servility and a certain veiled persistency on the part of the shopman, that did no credit to shopper or shopman. Then she bought something, whether she would or no. No one presumed to ask her for money, and the goods were sent home with a bill. My lady may pay when she pleases, a year hence, long after the goods are worn out and forgotten; but when she does pay she submits to a degree of extortion that it is a wonder has not killed all trade long ago. The blight of credit has fallen on Regent Street, and the wail of the shopman is heard in the land.

"At No. 117 Victoria Street my lady must struggle through a surging crowd of eager buyers, climb long stairways, and force her way alone and unaided to the counter where the things she wishes are to be found. Up stairs and down, throughout the entire building, from cellar to garret, is one huge conglomeration of shops, a London "Bon Marche," or kind of aristocratic "Macy's." The shopman receives my lady with quiet politeness, and nothing more. He asks for her ticket, and she must show him the valuable bit of paper that entitles her to shop at these counters. She asks for what she wishes, and it is shown to her without solicitation to purchase, and in silence. The goods selected, he asks for the money. My lady must pay cash. She appears glad to do so, and leaving her address, with a request that the goods be sent home, she finds her way to other departments, or passes out through the highly aristocratic crowd to the street, where her carriage is only one of a long line of elegant equipages belonging to the very

first families. Throughout all the huge bazar there is no noise or confusion, and the affliction of the cash boy and the floor-walker are unknown.

"Rich and titled people in England early saw the value of the co-operator's idea. This great warehouse, containing under one roof more than a score of retail shops, is the tangible expression of their belief in co-operation. This is the Army and Navy Co-operative Society's principal warehouse and central office; these thousands of customers coming in their own carriages represent its members. The weavers of Rochdale combined their frugal pennies to buy a sack of flour, which they sold to themselves at the regular retail price. A few clerks in the London post-office, anxious concerning half-pence, contributed a shilling each to buy a chest of tea. They hid it under the office stairs, and "after hours" doled it out to each other at cost. The success of the venture induced them to try again, and more chests of tea were bought; but the authorities would not permit such petty trading in a public building, and turned the tea-chests into the street. The British shopman sometimes remarks that the clerks should have been turned out, too, for indulging in such infamous schemes of personal gain. The clerks at once formed a small society, under what was then known as the "Friendly Society Act," (now called the Industrial Act) and opened a store that soon earned the name of the "Post-office Store." In 1866, the store took the name of the Civil Service Store, for the membership of the society began to recognize other civil servants beside post-office employees. It became known that these really civil servants had a good thing, and my lord, and honorable K. C. B., F. R. S. G., and so on, rushed to pursue the enticing bargains offered in Monkwell Street. The narrow street became blockaded with the carriages of high and gentle folks, in a lively race after the shillings that might be earned in the pound by trading at this wonderfully cheap shop.

"From the civil servants society sprung up in time a number of others: The Civil Service Supply Association, The Junior Civil Service Supply Association, The Army and Navy Co-operative Society, and others working on the same plan. All of these associations are owned, managed, and patronized by people of high social position and ample means. The honorables, the admirals, knights, and clergymen interested in these co-operative societies would probably resent being called traders. They even resented being called co-operators, and for years would have nothing to do with their more numerous brethren of Yorkshire and Lancashire. They claimed, not so much to make money, as to save money. The societies were practically close corporations, and the public were excluded alike from their buildings and the profits. No allocation of profits or dividends or purchases or educational funds for my lady. She had an eye single for bargains, and only demanded that the place be closed against the common world, and that the goods be

cheap. Beyond bargains, my lord and lady cared nothing. Were the goods as represented, were they promptly delivered, and under the market price? This is all they cared; and while the stores offered this, my ladyships would throng in aristocratic mobs to the Army and Navy store, and leave Regent Street to its fate. After a few years of this sort of treatment, Regent Street became alarmed at the wonderful progress and gigantic trade of these titled co-operators, and appealed to Parliament, requesting that these public servants, clerks, admirals, colonels, and consuls be forbidden to save their shillings, and be compelled to buy of the shopkeepers who paid the very taxes whereby these honorables and K. C. B.'s were supported.

"The opposition of the traders worked exactly as might be expected. It cemented the Civil Service stores with their far more active and aggressive fellows of the North. Toad Lane shook hands with Victoria Street, and now all the co-operations are more or less united and fully able to take care of themselves. The position of the united co-operators, rich and poor, those who sell cheap and those who divide profits on sales, is practically unassailable. They have clearly come to stay. They are a factor in the world's work, and deserve the respectful attention of trade and business wherever in the world there be farms or shops."

THE KINKS OF FASHION.

All the girls
In Santa Cruz
Wear cork-screw curls
And montagues;

While over there
In Monterey
The style for hair
Is *negligé*.

In San Joaquin
One ringlet hangs;
But naught is seen
In Galt but bangs;

Down South, they say,
Hair's crimped before;
At San José
It's *pompadour*;

And speech declares
It is a poser,
The way it fares
At Santa Rosa;

But all at naught
Their kinks and frizzes—
My heart is caught
By pretty Lizzie's.